APRIL 1988

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RSL STIRRER
BRUCE RUXTON

GREG NORMAN:
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TIME GOLFING
GREAT?

IS JOHN
ELLIOTT'S
BIGGER
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Playbill

Attention, guys! Eyes left, eyes right, eyes on our April issue, because we've enlisted some fightin' words in the feature article department, and our photographers have gone into action to capture some of the hottest pictorials ever.

Photographer **Daniel Nolan** went on a field mission to NSW's Royal National Park at Waterfall to shoot some stunning snaps of model soldier Maree Marquiss — Maree was on a flying visit to Sydney from England to recce the lay of the land.

Maree's the sort of soldier any old Digger would appreciate, and someone else old soldiers appreciate is outspoken Victorian RSL president Bruce Ruxton. Big bad Bruce is this month's Playboy Interview subject and he didn't mince words when he spoke to managing editor **Peter Olszewski**.

Another old soldier who's captured a lot of headlines of late is Lieutenant-Colonel Oliver North, US Marines, the central figure in the Contragate affair and the man who admitted lying to the US president. Writer **Asa Baber** looks at the real Ollie North and what he reports isn't too complimentary. The snappy artwork is by **Anita Kunz.**

Stockbrokers have been in the wars of late and the crash of '87 has been the Waterloo of many a seasoned stock-market punter. Writer **John Spooner** has examined the aftermath of the crash and predicts the death of the yuppie. The Perrier generation might have to resort to drinking plain ol' tap-water, according to Spooner. Artwork is by **Robert Giusti**.

Speaking of wars, golfer Greg Norman's career was in that state during early '87. But after winning the Australian Open Norman appears to have battled back and is ready to have another go at the US Masters. **Chris Hodenfield** has penned an amazing portrait of this golfing great and speculates as to whether Norman will be listed in the history books as the greatest golfer of all time. And talking of greatness, the accompanying artwork is by **Wilson McLean**.

It's that time of year again — footy time — and this year 14 tried and true Aussie rules teams will battle it out for the premiership flag. Our football pundit, **Garrie Hutchinson**, casts a discerning eye over this year's field and dares to predict the winners and losers.

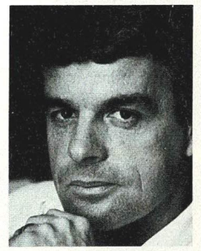
Gravel-voiced singer Tom Waits is a man who has had a long fight to get where he is and his strained vocal cords are proof that it's tough trying to get to the top. But that's where the cult singer is headed, and **Steve Oney** puts 20 Questions to him.

This month's fiction is top-shelf reading — writer **T. Coraghessan Boyle** pens a witty piece about a beautiful woman whose war against germs is so over the top she insists on wearing a body condom. The sexy artwork is by **Olivia DeBerardinis**.

Our pictorials are hot enough to give all red-blooded Aussie boys a reason to break into a battle cry. Our centrefold is the delightful Susie Owens, a nurse who'd give any patient a lift. Photography is by **Pompeo Posar**. Andrea Kovac has become one of Europe's most sought after cover- girls. Now she proves she's ready to take on the world. Our pictorial special on mail-order lingerie and the girls who dare wear scanty panties is certainly something to write home about, and **Dan Greenburg**'s satirical essay on the history of undies is guaranteed to raise a chuckle.

Did you know that John Elliott's is bigger than Bob Hawke's? What we're talking about is wage packets, and **Graeme Orr** looks at who gets what in the salary stakes. The Prime Minister is well down the list, and there are a few other surprises. Artwork is by **Frants Kantor**.

So that's the roll call for the April issue of *Australian Playboy*. Don't hang about — start reading now. And that's an order.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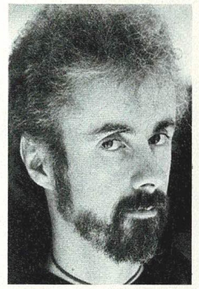
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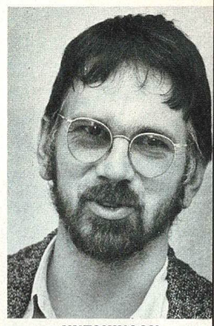
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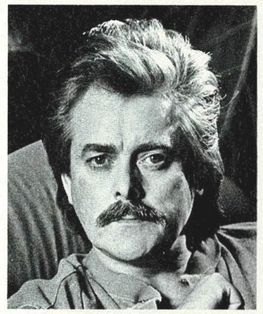
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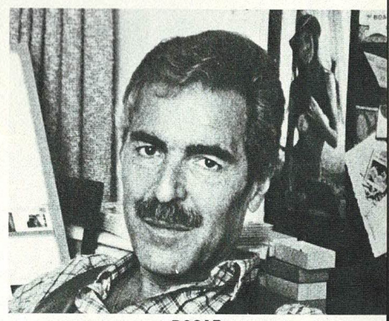
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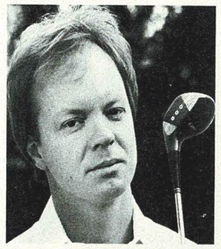
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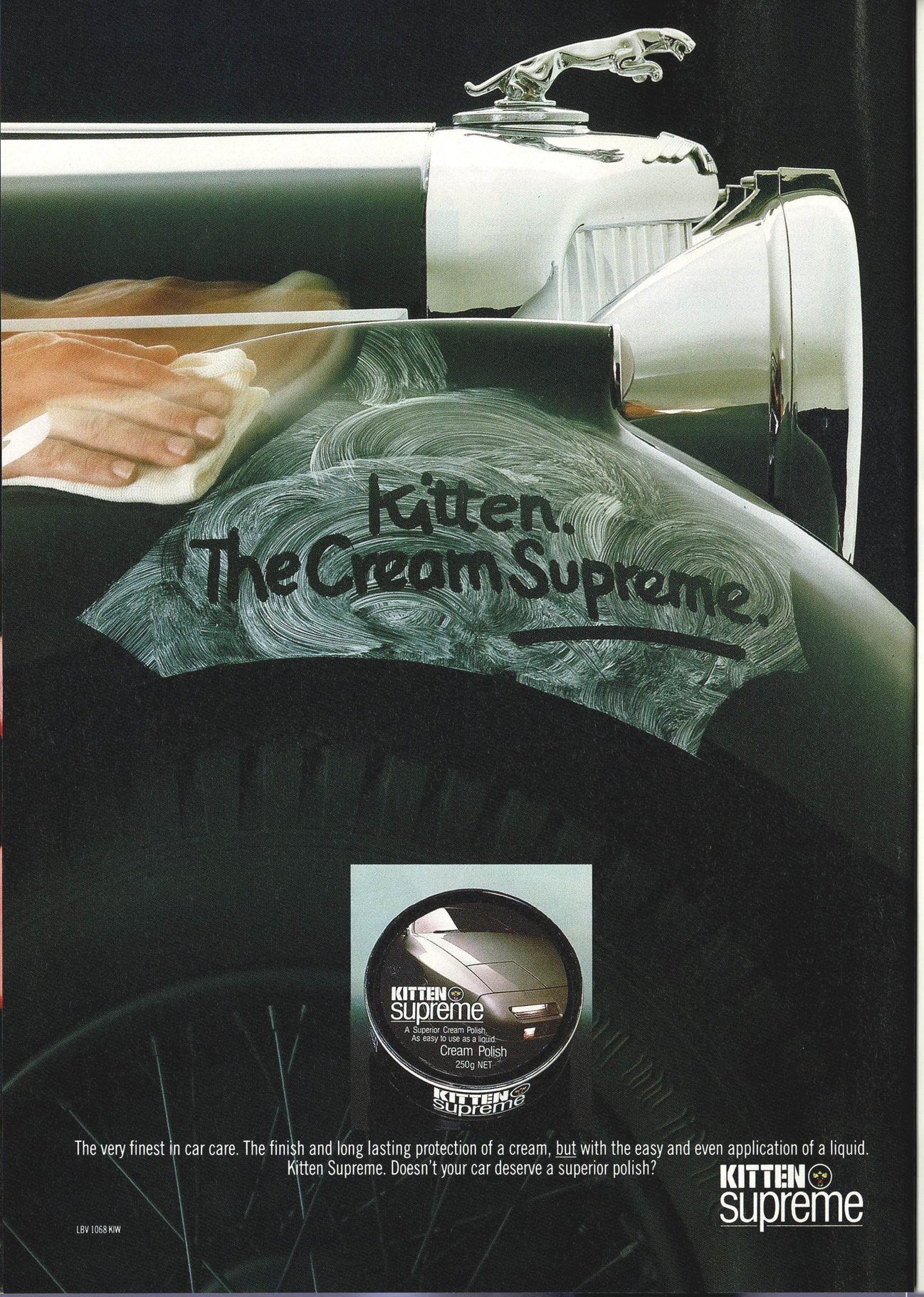
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Australian Playboy is published 12 times a year by Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone: 02 331 6566. Telex: 72964. Fax: 360 2631) on behalf of Frantonell Pty Ltd. The magazine is photoset by A. P. T. Pty Ltd, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone 02 331 4511), printed in Hong Kong by Toppan Printing Co (HK) Ltd and distributed by Network Distribution Co, Sydney (Telephone 02 282 8777).

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Price in Australia $4.95, New Zealand $5.95* (inc. GST)
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CREDITS
Maree Marquiss pictorial: Gun supplied by Smith's Gun Store, George Street, Sydney.

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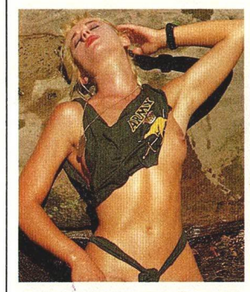

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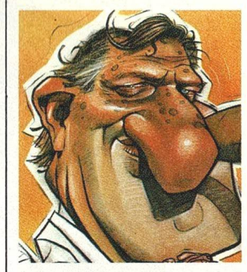

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Dear Playboy

THIS MUG'S GAME

As another mug punter I enjoyed Phil Jarratt's interview with Malcolm Johnston in your November issue. Jarratt's assertion that Johnston "went within a nose of becoming the first Australian jockey to ever ride six winners in a day" warrants correction however. On January 22, 1972, Geoff Prowse rode all seven winners at Elwick, Hobart, being the first time a jockey had ridden the card at a metropolitan meeting in Australia.

Rob McIntosh,
Sandy Bay, Tas.

Mr Jarratt insists you're the one who's wrong, Rob. Like it or not, Hobart is considered by the racing nabobs as provincial, not metropolitan — Ed.

COUP SPEW

I was extremely surprised to find in a recent *Australian Playboy* (October 1987) a highly dubious article about the military coup in Fiji.

The article is essentially a regurgitation of typical pieces of totally unsubstantiated, anti-United States disinformation which have appeared in *Nation* and the *Pacific Island Monthly*. It is a jaundiced crystallisation of extreme anti-United States propaganda which I would not expect to appear in your normally informative and reliable analyses of political issues.

In fact, there is no doubt that the Fiji coups have been the subject of an international disinformation campaign which originated in the Soviet press, blaming the United States for the demise of the Bavadra government. This proposition, as agreed by the Foreign Minister, should be utterly rejected and is totally absurd.

Moscow's tactics could be expected, but the recycling of its disinformation in Western media outlets blinded by conspiratorial left-wing anti-American fantasies is perturbing.

Your future coverage of Fiji and the South Pacific should focus on the real dilemmas at hand — reconciling assertive Melanesian nationalism with the values and practices of a democratic society.

Dr Colin Rubenstein,
Senior Lecturer in Politics,
Monash University, Melbourne.

Your point is taken, but we wonder why you sent copies of your original correspondence with us to Wes Stewart, the national director of the United States Information Service, Canberra? — Ed.

FOOT LOOSE

Your magazine is always a knockout, and you excelled with your celebrity pictorial of that sexy lady, Donna Mills (November 1987). The only thing that disappointed me was that you didn't publish a shot of her in bare feet. I think she has the most beautiful feet in the world. How about a shot for us lads with a foot fetish please, and try to include the feet in future pictorials.

S.W.,
Melbourne, Vic.

Okay, pal, in future we'll try to toe the line — Ed.

HEARTY PARTY GIRL

Men, this is what I want to know. If your luscious centrefold Kimberley Conrad (February 1988) never wears a bra, how come those big beautiful boobs don't pop the buttons off her shirt? What's her secret — does she weld her shirts together instead of using buttons? Incidentally, I'm a welder and if Kimberley needs some help, let me know. In the meantime, let's see those breasts again. Please?

Welding Tom,
Burnley, Vic.

Kimberley Conrad's one of the best centrefolds you've run for quite some time, chaps. In fact at the time I viewed her finer points, I was stuck as a pub cook out in far western NSW where the women look like they could bite the head off a camel. When the kitchen closed down I gazed at Kimberley and I wanted to weep. Now I'm in Sydney being a Jack The Lad and all I want to know is, can I have another look at raging Kimberley?

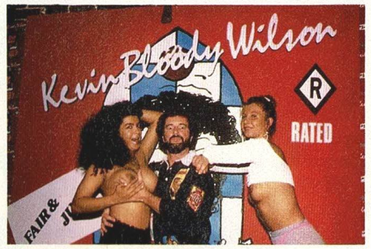
Bill McD.,
Potts Point, NSW.

Okay, guys, here's a last look at the lovely Kimberley — Ed.

WRITE ON

Congratulations on a superb issue (November 1987). The Kevin Wilson article by Bob Cussons and the Playboy Interview subject proved that humor is still alive and well in the racing and entertainment industries.

Kevin Mitchell,
Paralowie, SA.



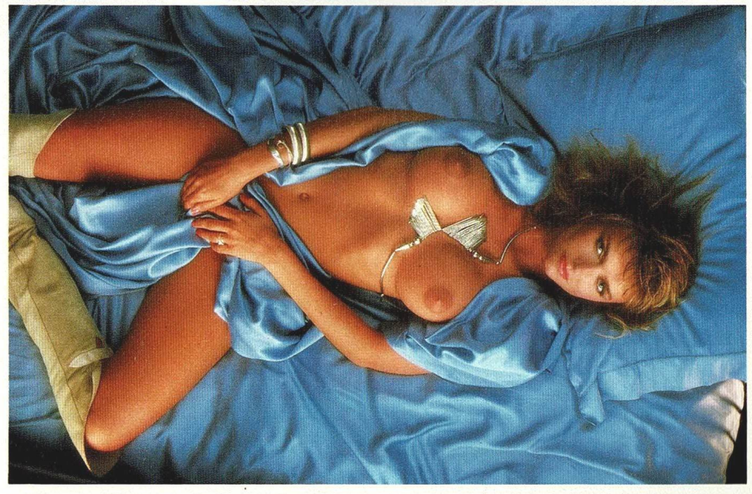
A RIGHT REV-UP

Your Grand Prix article in the November issue was very good, but let's get serious, guys. Letting this mistake through makes me (and most of my mates) wonder who you let write for you. The JPS Lotus team has been defunct for over a year. It's been CAMEL Lotus since the start of 1987.

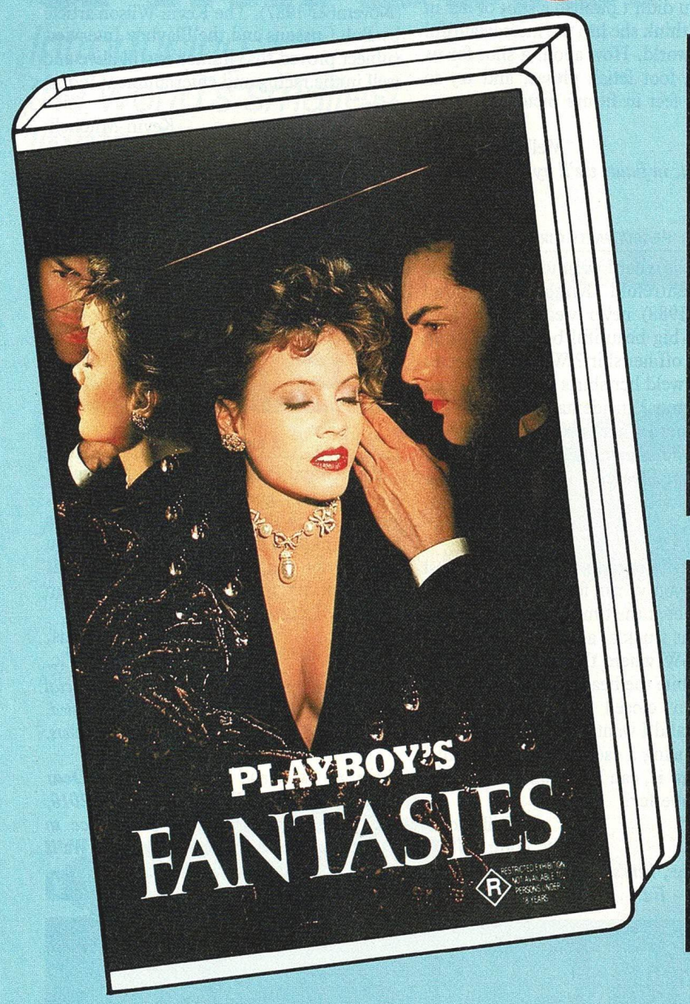
S. Aliadis,
West Sunshine, Vic.

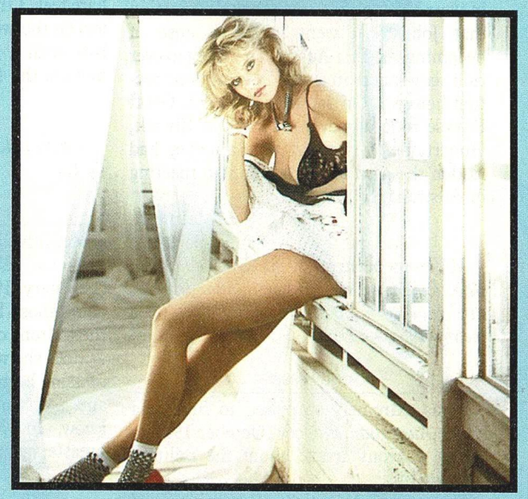
A good point well raised. The official changeover was not as long ago as you suggested, and occurred when our copy was at the printers.

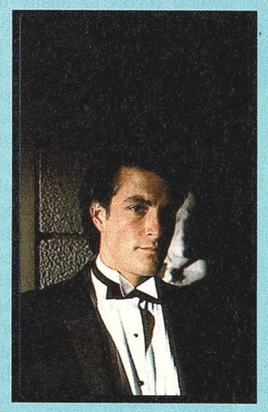
Write to us! Send your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box, 746, Darlinghurst 2010, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that have something to say. We'll give a 12 month subscription to each letter that we publish.



Sensuous Images, Daring Dreams







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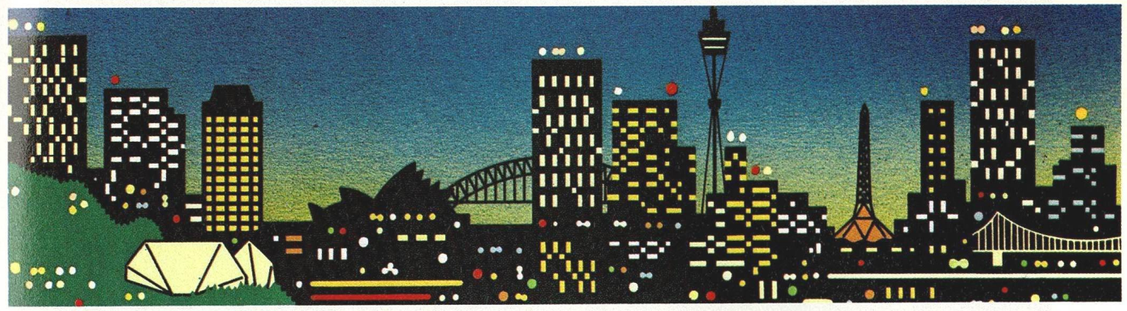
After Hours



REVEREND GENDER BENDER BRENDA

One person who is viewing with mixed feelings the recent change in attitude toward the idea of women priests by the Church Of England is Mark Rees, a bearded divinity student whose name used to be Brenda. Brenda decided back in 1971 to become Mark by means of a sex change. We don't know why, we just hope it wasn't in order to qualify for holy orders, because in 1978 the new Mark was knocked back on the grounds that he was still legally a woman.

Then, wonder of wonders, in 1987 the established church decided to drag itself kicking and screaming into the 20th century and legislation was passed enabling deaconesses to become deacons, entitling them to conduct weddings and funerals, to style themselves Reverend, and even to wear clerical collars! So now our old friend Mark is seriously considering reapplying.

We just hope he shaves the beard off when he turns up for training.

A NOSE FOR TROUBLE

All those of the opinion that the place to hide your money from a pom is under his soap will sympathise with Mr Geoffrey Carlow, chairman of the Witheringham Pensioners Club deep in the heart of England's Wild West. Mr Carlow (who we trust is fresh enough himself to be beyond reproach) claims that on a recent coach outing he received over 30 complaints to the effect that Mrs Violet James and her son Merryman James emitted such a powerful stink that three-quarters of the other pensioners had to find alternative transport home, and the driver declared he would never work for the Club again.

Interviewed outside her home later, Mrs James said her husband had been the WPC's treasurer for seven years. When reading the letter of complaint that his wife and son stank, she added "he collapsed and I have just returned from visiting him in hospital".

"This is the first complaint of any kind I have had in a long, happy life," said Mrs James. "I am about to get a doctor's certicate to say that the accusation is false."

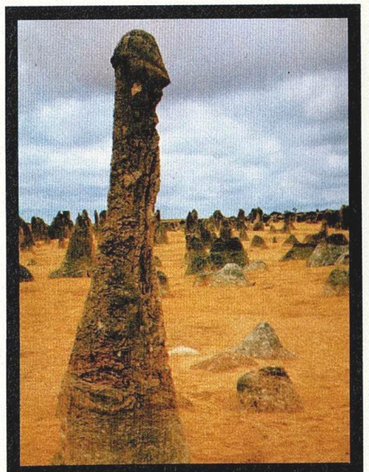
Anything to stop her stinking up the waiting room.

I'LL TELL THE VICAR!

Not that it would have done the teenager much good, on one of his regular visits to the vicarage with his girlfriend, when he felt the curate's hands exploring his genitals from one side, because from the other side came another set of groping digits belonging to the vicar himself!

Manchester Crown Court was told that at this point, when the hands met, they then slapped each other away (hopefully in moral outrage, but perhaps that's asking for too much). Apparently the reverend gentlemen were seated on either side of the 15-year-old boy, all shrouded in cassocks, when each became aware of the other's misdemeanors. "The hands from the two men met, and each was obviously surprised because the hands were suddenly withdrawn. Each looked at the other and each slapped the hand of the other."

Each pleaded not guilty to indecent assault. Thank God!



BIGGUS DICKUS AUSTRALIENSIS

This rare specimen of something or other was captured on film in Nambung National Park, north of Perth, by an eagle-eyed reader, John Bray, and helps give us some idea of why figures in the Aboriginal Dreaming are always so much larger than life.

WRONG COURSE LEADS TO LIFE OF CRIME

A few hours' extra study could mean the difference between a life of good and evil, according to Bishopsgate swindler Andrew Stathis. The man who walked away from his insurance company with $19m of investors' funds is in Patras jail awaiting trial for smuggling 23kg of heroin into Greece. The boy from Cowra via Cranbrook School says after he finished Law at Sydney University he embarked on a life of crime (outside the legal profession) fixing horse races, lying, cheating and swindling his way around the international underworld.

Asked why he didn't make his money legitimately through his chosen profession, he confessed, "I never did Ethics."

DRIVEN TO AGGRESSION

Second-hand car dealers in Sydney's Parramatta Road had better look to their laurels. Reports from England show that they still have a thing or two to learn.

When Mr Richard Stress was confronted with evidence that the car he had sold as "a good roadworthy vehicle, formerly driven by my eldest son" was in fact made up of four cars "rather badly welded together and given a quick spray job," he replied, "No second-hand car is perfect."

OKAY, I CONFESS!

Either Justice is a blind goddess, or else she needs a new pair of glasses. The *Johannesburg Star* reports that a Miss Naomi Mallow was released from St Jude's Detention Centre in Capetown when it was discovered that she had mistakenly entered the dock while attending the district court as a witness. Intimidated by her position, she admitted to several previous convictions and remained silent when sentenced to 60 days' imprisonment.

Think what they'd have given her if she'd been guilty.

If you manage to snap something ridiculous or notice an outrageous piece in your local paper, we'll pay $25 for anything we can use. Contributions to: After Hours, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

MIRRABOOK 5 STAR CASK WINE

LINDEMANS

MIRRABOOK

1987

Rhine Riesling

When Dr Henry John Lindeman first began making wine in Australia in 1843, his vision was that Australian wines would one day rank with the very best from anywhere in the world. This tradition of excellence has produced a succession of truly world class wines, and wines such as this, offering world class value in sought after varietals.
To commemorate this Australian winemaking achievement we have named the wines Mirrabook, the Aboriginal word for Southern Cross.

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DRINK WINE IN MODERATION.

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Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

Dear Bettina: *One of my mates has stolen some of my sister's panties! I made this discovery as a result of a conversation with my sister about panty-sniffing. She was joking around with some of her girlfriends about men who sniff bicycle seats and girl's panties and made me really mad by saying that she thought I must be into it too because she was missing some of her panties and she was sure I had them. I almost throttled her, but when we were alone and I calmed down she told me it was true. She knew exactly when they disappeared and that's when I worked out that my mate must have them.*

The next time I was over at his place I checked out his room and found them stuffed at the back of his cupboard. I put them back because I didn't know what to say to him. Now I don't know what to do. I don't want to dob him in to my sister but it does piss me off that she thinks it was me. Should I say anything to him? Also it has made me feel pretty strange about him. Does this mean he's queer, a pervert or something?

— F.L., WA.

It really is fairly common for males to take an interest in female underwear — after all, women wear frilly lacy lingerie precisely because it is designed to attract men. Sometimes a male will use such garments to hold or sniff when masturbating. With young guys it is part curiosity — often the smell and feel of this intimate apparel is about as near as they can get to the real live girl and the experience fuels their masturbatory fantasies. This behavior really is a mild sexual fetish — instead of being attracted and aroused by women, the attraction is transferred to objects associated with women. Other fetishes include attraction toward stockings, suspenders, or items such as leather boots, or perhaps a woman's hair or feet.

So we are not talking about some weird perversion here but rather just a slightly stronger version of an attraction shared by many men. Perhaps your friend took the panties on impulse, inspired partly by curiosity. I really think it would be best to let the matter drop unless your sister keeps ribbing you about it. If you feel you have to tell her, perhaps you would like to show her this letter and impress on her that it is important that she keeps the matter confidential. Your friend would be mortified if he felt you all knew what he had done. It's not such a big deal and I am sure he doesn't deserve being gossiped about. Unfortunately there are many people who delight in being cruel about the sexual practices of others, particularly when they are a little unusual.

The only reason I would think of saying something to your friend would be if you were afraid he might take other items belonging to your sister. Then all I would do is drop a hint that you may suspect something, eg mention that your sister and friends were talking about sniffing knickers and that your sister said she thought someone had stolen some of hers. If you present it as just a weird incident, he may realise he is under suspicion and take care not to do it again.

One last point. Men sometimes use female undergarments for cross-dressing and this may be another possible explanation for your friend's behavior. It is unlikely, and even if this were true, it really isn't any of your business.

Recently in a magazine I read that it is possible to have oral sex with oneself. The story quoted one guy who had been sucking himself off for years.

The story amazed me but I decided to have a go myself. I am pretty limber and fit and I thought I might have a chance. Wasn't easy and it took a while to work out the best position but to my surprise I did it and enjoyed it a lot.

Is it okay for me to keep doing it? Will it cause me any harm? Also do you think that the fact that I like it means I could be gay? I am a 19-year-old virgin and haven't had any sexual experience as yet so I don't know much about these things.

— D. G., Qld.

You are certainly not the only male to have attempted this feat although you are in a very small minority who are flexible enough to achieve it. By all means continue the practice if you wish. It won't do you any harm. In fact these days it must be one of the few really safe means of practising fellatio (apart from in totally monogamous relationships with trustworthy partners). Also the sperm will not do you any harm to swallow — women have been doing it for centuries. Your concern about being gay must be a result of finding you receive pleasure from it. It is really no different from enjoying masturbation. Taking pleasure in your own body does not mean you are suddenly going to find yourself attracted to other male bodies. So make the most of it while your joints are so young and limber. Most of us are far too old and creaky to even contemplate doing such a thing.

Could you please inform me where and how I can obtain papaverine injections as I suffer from lack of staying power. I have recently seen a doctor who was not really interested and suggested it might rectify itself. To me it is a great problem as, after 2½ years of inactivity since my wife left me, I have a lovely, highly sexed lady. I can satisfy her manually and orally but would like very much to give her satisfaction by penis insertion. It is the best thing that has happened to me in years and I am bent on making it work.

On behalf of a friend of mine who is the rather disappointed owner of a 12½cm penis, I would like to ask if it is possible to give him hormone injections to make it grow more mature. Assuming that the medical profession knows which substances are being secreted by which gland, causing enlarged genitals during puberty, it must be possible to induce another growth spurt.

— E.W., WA.

Most doctors these days are much more sympathetic to patients with sexual problems and even if they are not trained to offer help themselves, they will refer on to someone with the appropriate expertise. To simply suggest the problem will solve itself is irresponsible advice. If there is a family planning clinic near you I would suggest you contact them to ask if there is a medically trained sex therapist in your area who can assess all the possible physical and psychological factors which could be causing your erectile problem. If not, I know there are urologists and psychiatrists in Perth who specialise in impotence and the family planning clinic there can recommend the best

place to go. As I mentioned when I first wrote about papaverine in this column, it is a very new form of treatment and is only available to selected patients. It may not be the most appropriate form of treatment in your case. But don't worry, someone will be able to help you.

As for your friend, I am sorry to say that it isn't possible to induce a second penile growth spurt through the use of hormones — if it was, I am sure half the male population would be lining up for regular injections! Hormone injections are used to treat a condition known as "micropenis" where there is little or no penile growth during childhood and adolescence. This condition does respond to hormone treatment but it must be given early in development and requires very careful assessment and monitoring. Basically there is very little you can do to enlarge the penis, although some men claim growth through the use of pelvic muscle exercises and vacuum developer devices (these can be extremely dangerous if not used correctly and there is no scientific evidence that they are effective). There have been some attempts to enlarge the penis using plastic surgery with mixed results, but the penis is an extremely delicate organ and any surgery carries the risk of damaging erectile mechanisms. It is far better to live with what you have got, even if it isn't quite as large as you would like, than risk ruining what is really quite a miraculous device.

I am a 35-year-old man, happily married for eight years with one child. I am now consumed by guilt about something which happened before I was married and terribly afraid that my past will now come back to haunt me.

When I was in my early twenties I went through a period when I was very lonely and confused. I was recovering from the break-up of a relationship with a girl I had been dating for some time. Somehow I just didn't find her attractive and had to force myself to have sex with her. She knew this and resented it. It led to some dreadful fights and we just drifted apart, but not until she had said some pretty awful things about me . . . like perhaps I was a closet homosexual. When I found myself on my own I was haunted by what she said. It wasn't as if I was really attracted to men but I kept on wondering what was wrong with me.

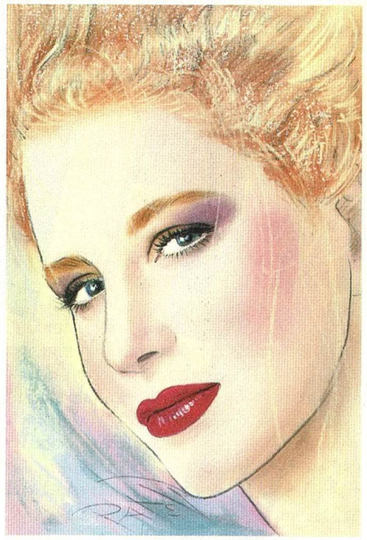
I suppose I was ripe for it but as it happened there was this guy at work who I knew was gay. We both used to go drinking with some of the other guys after work, and one day we ended up by ourselves — late at night after everyone else had left. One thing led to the other and I went home to his place. We didn't have anal sex or anything, but we did have oral sex (didn't swallow). Mainly we just masturbated each other. I was pretty uncomfortable about the whole experience and was really glad when the guy ended up leaving our firm (although I did feel guilty because I hardly spoke to him afterwards. Poor guy. It wasn't as if he seduced me or anything. I just felt too guilty and confused to face him).

Soon after I met the girl who was to become my wife. From the start with her sex was great and I was relieved to discover that I was heterosexual after all. So I put the incident with the guy behind me . . . until a little while ago. I am now haunted by the thought that I may have got AIDS from that guy. Recently I have become almost hysterical about my tongue being coated since I read this could be one of the symptoms. My doctor told me my tongue was normal and that I might expect some coating because I consume a lot of dairy products but I'm still worried.

What do you think the chances are? I told my wife about what happened soon after we met. I know she must be worrying too but she hasn't said anything to me. Do you think I should have an AIDS test to make sure?

— Worried, NSW.

It is most unlikely that you could have contracted AIDS from a single encounter involving only the activities you describe. You are certainly not in a high risk category.



One homosexual encounter does not mean you are a homosexual (in fact the majority of heterosexual men have had some sort of homosexual experience, often during adolescence but frequently also during adulthood). You also reduce the chances of contracting the disease even further through not swallowing semen but, as I am sure you are aware, the concern about fellatio also relates to the possiblity that the virus could be transmitted prior to ejaculation through the pre-ejaculatory fluid. There is always the chance that the virus could enter the blood stream through tiny abrasions inside the mouth. You don't need an obvious sore as there are often areas inside the mouth where the teeth have caused small tears or weakened the skin. But I repeat, the possibility is very slight, particularly with only one such encounter.

I do feel it would be worth having an AIDS test to relieve your anxiety. The chances are very great indeed that the result would be negative, particularly since it is so long since you had this experience.

THE PENIS IN DANGER!

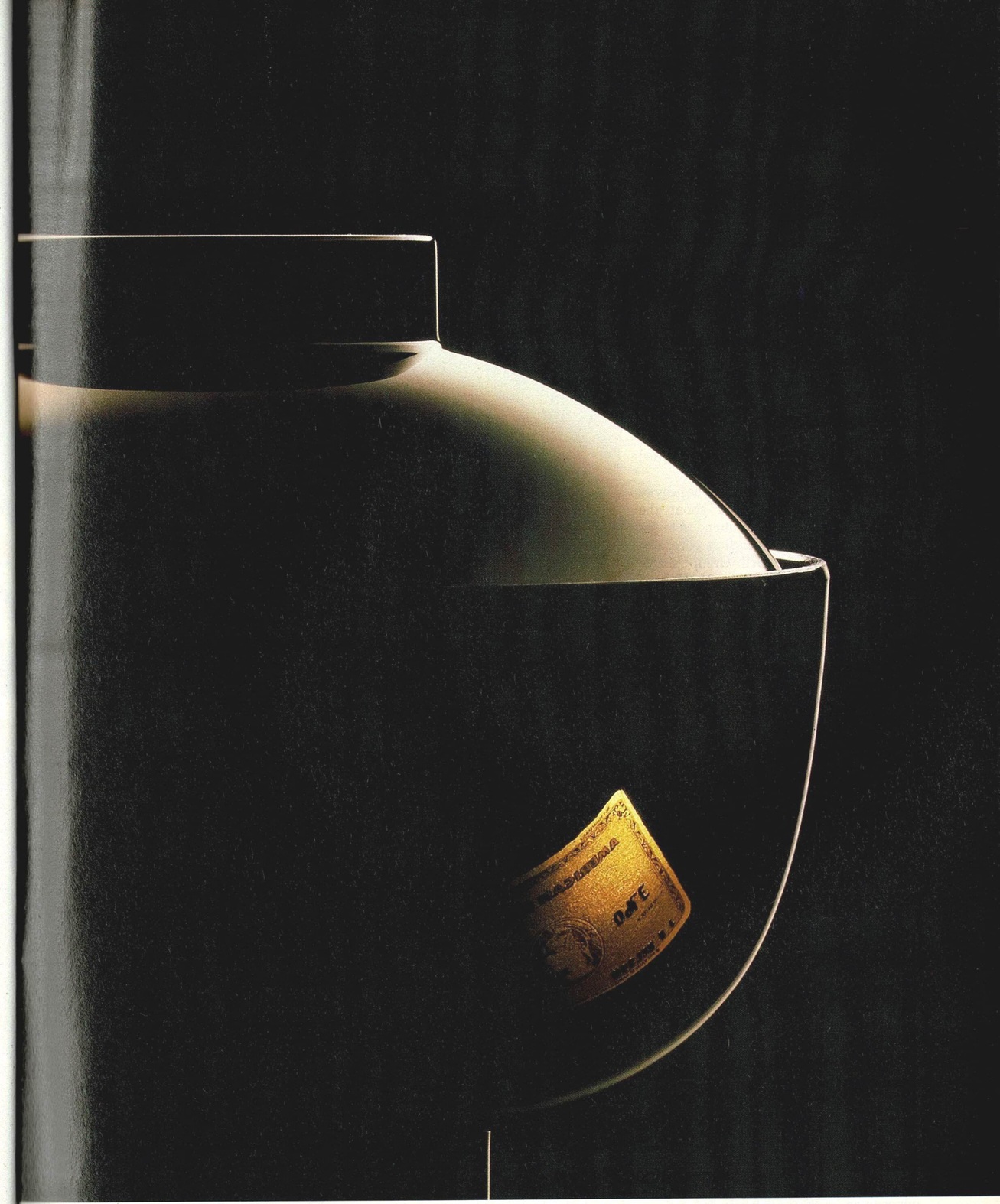
I have already mentioned that urologists have found bicycle riding can be sexually hazardous for men by causing erectile problems through pressure on the pelvic nerves. Well, the dreaded bicycle numbness is only one of the strange penile hazards mentioned in a fascinating section on "First Aid For Penis Injuries" in the excellent sexuality section of CompuServe, the American computer information service.

Apparently frostbite of the penis occasionally occurs in joggers, walkers, bikers and outdoor workers during exceptionally cold weather.

Foreign objects also take their toll. The medical sexology literature is full of strange tales of damage to the penis through the use of all manner of devices and gadgets. Urologists report removing a wide variety of objects from boys' and men's urethras — everything from pencils, and paperclips, to hat pins and swizzle sticks. Such objects can do irreparable damage. Other men sustain serious injuries from the use of mechanical suction devices such as vacuum cleaners (used sometimes for masturbation) and the vacuum dilators which are sold for penis enlargement. Another risky practice involves the use of rubber bands, rings or straps around the base of the penis to entrap blood and help maintain an erection. This one is particularly nasty because prolonged constriction can result in gangrene . . . a fate far worse than a lost erection.

And the last penile hazard? Well, I have mentioned this one before. Sometimes accidents occur during intercourse itself, for instance when you disengage unexpectedly during vigorous thrusting. A penis forced suddenly to bend back sometimes results in a "penile fracture". This consists of a tear in any of the three chambers which fill with blood to cause an erection: the right or left corpus cavernosum or the corpus spongiosum. Of course it is not a real fracture — there are no bones in the penis — but it can certainly sound like one. You sometimes hear a cracking sound and the erection collapses. Often there is intense pain in the penis with discoloration and bruising. Penile "fractures" are usually treated with ice-packs and anti-inflammatory medications and sometimes the poor man will be given medication to prevent erection until healing is complete. Such an accident can be a rude shock but the effects are usually temporary. Only the psyche is never quite the same!

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- *Australian Playboy*, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.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Money

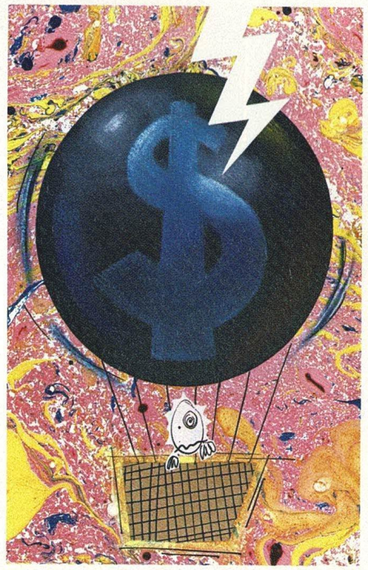
A rusty nail saved me from the share market collapse. This is how it happened. On the Sunday before Black Tuesday — the day the stock market lost 500 points — I was working in my garden (something I rarely do) when I managed to step on a rusty nail (one of the reasons I rarely do it). The crowd at the after-hours clinic was even larger than usual, so I killed time chatting up the receptionist. After we had exhausted the conversational possibilities of tetanus and the lethal reactions some people have to immunisations, we somehow turned to finance.

It seems that the receptionist was heavily into shares. She had heard about the market's bull run and she intended to get a piece of the action. Her first purchases consisted largely of Bell Group shares because everyone knows about Mr Holmes a Court's fabulous wealth. She was now considering borrowing to make additional investments. I gave this conversation a great deal of thought and the next morning I sold every share I owned — one day before the great crash.

It sounds as if I have some mysterious ability to see the future, but I don't. I was simply following one of the oldest investment rules in the book: *When the little person is buying it's time to sell and when the little person sells the clever investor hops in and buys.*

Although the little person in question is you, me and everyone else who is not a pension fund, bank or multinational, this rule is neither as snobbish nor as unreasonable as it first sounds. In fact, it is quite logical. You see, the receptionist became interested in the market because she had heard about people who had made money in shares over the past year or two. She read magazine and newspaper articles extolling the virtue of stock market investments and many of her friends were busy buying and selling. She felt foolish missing out on a good thing and was therefore investing heavily to make up for lost time. Of course, by the time she started buying, the bull market was old news to experts. The market had already doubled in value and the receptionist was buying at the very top of a history-making high. Hence the rule: when receptionists, cab drivers and school teachers begin to invest, it is time to do the opposite and sell.

The converse to this rule is equally true. When the small investor begins to sell (frightened by a drop in price) the market has probably reached bottom and it's time to start buying again. Professional investors who adopt this rule-based approach to investment are known as "contrarians" because they tend to oppose the dominant sentiment. In 1987, the contrarians were buying. And there was no shortage of bargains for them to pick up. The Bell Group shares purchased by the receptionist for $11 each dropped below $3. Similarly, News Corp, the Rupert Murdoch giant, was selling at $10 per share, down from $25 earlier in the year. A large number of companies were selling at prices lower than the value of their assets. If the economy improves, the outlook for these shares is excellent. But, even if the worst comes to the worst and these firms are shut down, selling off their assets — real estate, equipment, the managing director's Rolls-Royce — will still produce a profit for those who bought their shares at bargain prices.



When little people start buying shares, that's when the big operators decide it's time to sell.

Shares, purchased at depressed prices, are one of the best investments anyone can make. Unlike bank accounts or bonds, shares at least have the potential to keep up with inflation (there is no tax on capital gains due solely to inflation). What's more, under the new dividend imputation system, dividends paid by most companies are accompanied by tax credits which make them more-or-less tax-free income for most Australian tax payers.

Bear markets may be a good time to buy stocks, but not all shares can be expected to be winners. It should be obvious that a company's shares are not a good investment *solely* because no one wants them. After all, some shares plummet in price and stay down forever. To be a good investment, a company's shares should have some intrinsic merit.

Picking the best bets means doing a little homework, reading company reports, perhaps even visiting the stock exchange's information service. Or, like most clients, you can take the easy way out and ask a professional for guidance. Almost all stockbrokers are willing to advise their clients about what shares to buy. Recent experience has shown that their predictions can be expected to be correct about 50 percent of the time. (In other words, they do about as well as a coin toss.)

Even the most knowledgeable share market expert can make errors. This is why it is important to minimise the impact of any bad choices by spreading your risk among a number of different shares. Diversification — buying shares in companies in different industries and among several companies in the same industry — is the best way to avoid total ruin. Alternatively, you can invest in an equity trust where many investors pool their money to buy a diversified portfolio of shares.

Of course, neither strategy will protect you against catastrophic stock market crashes such as the October 1987 debacle, but then no other strategy would have either. The possibility of loss is the price that sharemarket investors pay in order to have the opportunity of making greater gains than those who simply put their money in a savings bank.

Whether you take their advice or not, you will have to pay a stockbroker a commission, called brokerage, each time you buy and sell. All-up, a $2000 transaction will cost around $50 in commission. Clearly, it doesn't pay to buy and sell too often or you will be giving all your money to your broker.

The wisest course is to choose your purchase carefully and then sit back and relax. Plan to hold on to your shares for a while, perhaps years.

But, above all, just remember the contrary opinion rule: when your barber, milko, newsagent and the after-hours clinic receptionist start buying again (and they will), it's time to sell.

— SETH GREGORY

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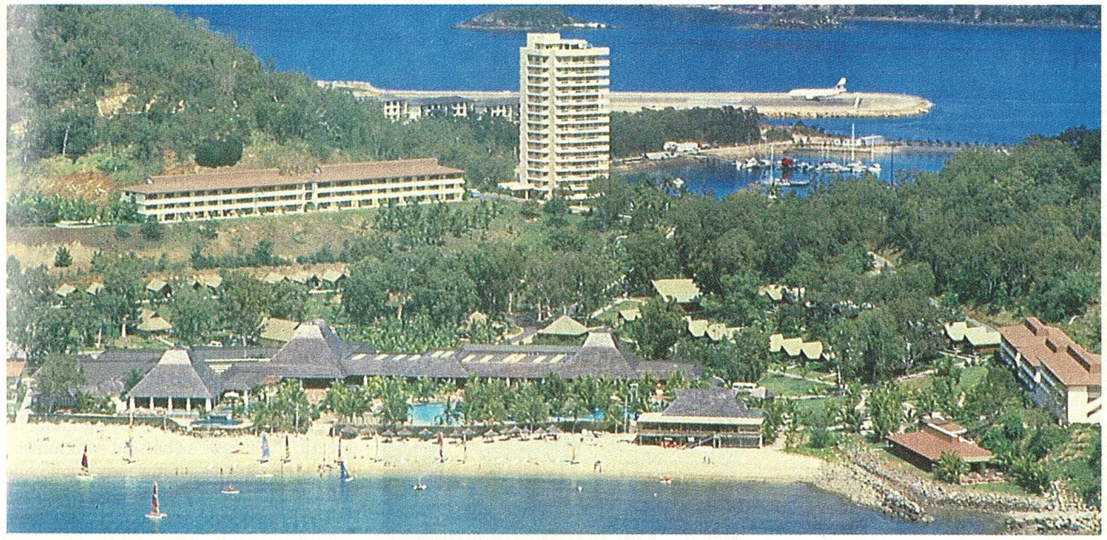
Hamilton Island

Great Barrier Reef, Australia.



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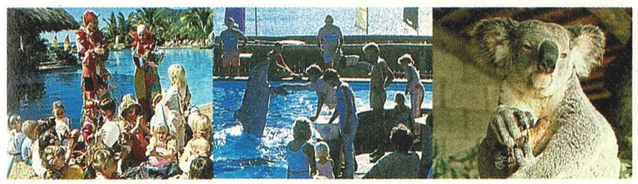

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She must have eaten something minty. You can taste it on her tongue. And as your fingers steal along her skin toward the clasp of her bra, you realise you've lost track of the movie on the box. Man, you've been so focused on that clasp, you haven't even noticed her awkwardly fingering the zipper on your jeans — until now. . .

If only it went like this all the time. So often there's a basic attraction but for some reason at the last moment she freezes up. Have you ever wondered what it is that ultimately makes a woman say yes to sex?

Women say yes when a man makes them feel comfortable, when he focuses his attention on them, and when he's confident enough to show his feelings. His looks, it seems, don't really count. Not nearly as much as personality and approach.

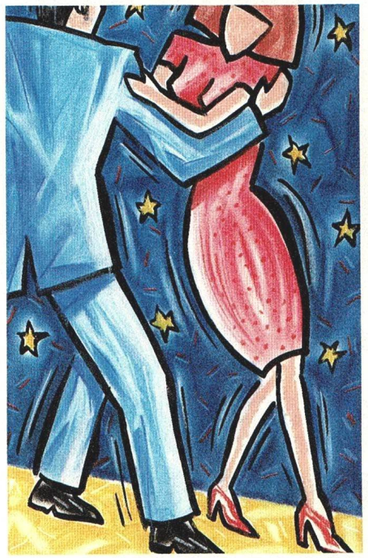
There you are. You've made it past dinner and she's actually agreed to come in for a quick listen to your new Talking Heads CD. She's obviously thinking about sex or she wouldn't be in your apartment. Anyway, you were practically making it on the dance floor at the club. The question of the moment is how to cross the borderline from innocent flirtation into full-blown carnal passion.

Sex affects you differently than it does her. Intercourse without intimacy will generally leave her feeling lousy. Physically, she takes a man's penis inside her body; emotionally her lover easily gets under her skin. Even more unconsciously, instinct screams at her: sex makes babies; hold on to your man. Mere decades of birth control can't easily erase millennia of human behavior.

That in no way means that the sex kitten sitting on your couch will demand a relationship before letting you kiss her. What it does mean is that she has a lot of inner tension to overcome — especially when dealing with a one-night stand or casual affair. Take it from women who've been there: your odds increase dramatically if you put her at ease.

So cool your jets. No pressure and no expectations. Some guys have a great knack for making a woman feel that they would love to have sex, but if it doesn't happen, it's no big deal. And those are the kind of men women say yes to.

A stimulating conversation stimulates me sexually. Ninety-nine point nine percent of women would agree. Talk about the evening, your family, her job. If you feel it's right, talk about sex. Both of you may need to discuss your feelings about AIDS. Ask her if she's protected. (That should win you some points. Most guys ignore the subject.) Sure, an evening of all talk and no action may send you sprinting to the nearest cold shower, but



What makes a woman say yes to sex? A little know-how can work wonders.

patience has been known to change a woman's mind right on the spot — and if it doesn't this time, maybe it will the next.

Sometimes a little exploring goes a long way. Micky, 30, admits she "melts like a popsicle" when a man kisses her neck. Ears and breasts are big favorites too. "Pull on my nipples, buddy," says my friend Mary, "and you're in there."

But it all begins way before you get to the bedroom.

Let's start with looks. A guy can fall in love over a great set of boobs, but a woman generally does not respond the same way to a hairy chest or bulge in the pants. Initially, women tend to check out faces, eyes, hair and hands, but even so, almost every woman I spoke to swore that a man's handsomeness alone didn't make him sexy.

Clothes can catch a woman's eye. My own heart skips a beat at the sight of any man wearing worn Levi's, a T-shirt and an old motorcycle jacket (probably a side-effect of watching too many James Dean and Marlon Brando movies during my formative years). My office mate, however, goes for what she calls straight Clark Kent. "You tear off his suit, tie and glasses," she says, "and hopefully you've got Superman."

Whatever your image, too trendy or too primped is a definite turn-off. "A guy who's too well put-together is sexually more into pleasing himself than he would be into pleasing me," says Micky, the girl who likes to be kissed on the neck.

More than looks, women say sexual chemistry comes from something they can't even see. Many find it in men who aren't afraid to show their emotions.

Don't be fooled by a girl who hangs on your every word. Eager as she seems for your life story, if you don't share in the questioning, you can bet she's saying under her breath, "This guy's obsessed with himself. Maybe he's lusting for my body but he's not attracted to me."

The principle is vintage Dale Carnegie. In his famous book, *How To Win Friends and Influence People*, Carnegie writes, "You can make more friends in two months by becoming interested in other people than you can in two years by trying to get other people interested in you."

All the gallantry in the world will fall on deaf ears if you fail to pick up on her sexual vibes. Throughout the date, the more you extend your antennae to see how she's responding to your come-on, the more successful you'll be. The first time your bodies touch is a good time to key in. Let's say you've casually taken her hand in a movie theatre. Is she sending back an inviting electricity, or does her body react with a snarl?

There's nothing worse for your sexual future than snaking your arm around her or thrusting your tongue between her lips before she's ready. "Before I have to verbalise no," says one woman, "my body signals have said it. If a guy keeps pushing himself on me, I feel like he has no appreciation for me and I get really angry."

By all accounts, it's not always easy to read her signals. On one hand, what you see as "yes" may only be her desire for platonic affection. On the other hand, her "no" may really mean, "Come on, baby, convince me."

Micky with the X-rated neck admits she's sometimes guilty of the latter. Making out for the first time with a guy she selected through a video dating service, she kept thinking, "We shouldn't. We shouldn't," and when he asked her, she said, "No." But she explains, "I guess he could feel it was a negotiable 'no', and he pursued afterward in a gently, boyish and convincing way."

Tune in to her; be patient; listen, and watch for the signals. Your sexual attractiveness will soar. Then, when *she* asks, you are the one to say yes to sex.

— LIZ BRODY

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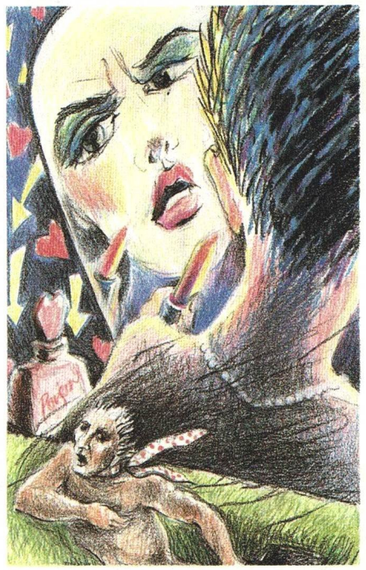

Memo to all Female Chauvinist Sows: here are the five most difficult women to live with.

For years now, the women's movement has criticised *Australian Playboy* as a magazine for MCPs. Yet magazines such as *New Idea*, catering for FCSs (Female Chauvinist Sows), put men down in their *Mere Male*-type columns and articles with titles like *The Five Most Difficult Men To Live With*.

Not being one to resist a challenge, I got to thinking about the five most difficult women to live with — believe me, it wasn't hard.

The first clings harder than a limpet: she's the ***Mouse-Wife***, a woman guaranteed to put her husband's career prospects back 20 years. The original plain jane, she learned as a child to sit quietly and shrink into the background. Then, with a doggedness which hides her insecure image, she traps an articulate and witty man into marriage and quickly retreats back into the comfort of her knitting.

The Mouse-Wife has a degree in boring. Her cooking is bland, her clothing is bland and making love to her is bland. They are the couple who always leave the party early. The spouse of the MW even gets called out of important business conferences to give her permission to hire a plumber.

Still, the Mouse-Wife is a pleasure to live with compared with the ***House-Proud Woman***. Her only purpose in getting married is to own a home on which to lavish her love. Countless pre-nuptial weekends are taken up with hunting for the dream. Show home after show home is inspected, dissected and rejected.

Husband arrives home from work to a demand to remove his shoes to keep the carpet clean. Coasters land with unnerving aim under his pre-dinner drink glasses and smoking is restricted to the garden. Clothes are whisked out of sight before they hit the floor while the newspaper is ironed and placed primly into the magazine rack.

HPWs are generally big — one I know has her bras built by an engineering company which specialises in cantilevered structures. These women are responsible for a group of men known as HPHs — Hen-Pecked Husbands.

In contrast to the House-Proud Woman is ***Mother-And-Baby Woman***. She exists to produce children, usually as many as possible in the shortest time. All elbows and knees, she is perpetually surrounded by kids wherever she moves. Crossing a room in her house is like combat training — negotiating piles of half-played-with toys, mounds of discarded clothes and clusters of small children.

The MBW is most often found in the kitchen of the house, enveloped in steam and smelling wholesomely of baby food, formula and damp nappies. She can do most household chores one-handed while the other supports a bare-bottomed infant slung precariously over one hip.

Where she goes, so go the kids. Hubby is expected to play his part on the family outings by bringing along the haversack of baby change things, the potty seat, the twin strollers, the various assortment of baby foods, dishes, bottles, drinks and toys and the play-pen if the stay is to be longer than a couple of hours.

The children even manage to interfere with their sex life. When Vaseline smeared on the door handles finally keeps them from bursting into the bedroom, coitus is just as likely to be interrupted by MBW disengaging at the critical moment to "check the kids are okay".

Their house is the one with the tooth marks of frustration on the bannister rail.

As Mother-And-Baby Woman lives for the children, the fourth lives for herself: ***Glamor Girl Woman***. Her house is just one large wardrobe in which she hangs her clothes, wigs, shoes, bags and make-up. Her husband is one who will complement her looks and is chosen with the same care and thought she puts into buying a dress. GGW even selects *his* clothes so they match what she wants to wear. She takes hours getting dressed to go out so they are always last to arrive and she can make a spectacular entrance.

She resents getting older and fights a constant battle with wrinkles and her figure, turning the bathroom into a veritable pharmacy with every conceivable skin lotion and potion. She wears so many creams to bed that love-making is like trying to catch the soap in the bath.

At office functions, GGW expects her man to be faithful, then abandons him to surround herself with other women's husbands. She makes a bee-line for the boss in an effort to vamp him and help hubby's career — the world is full of failed executives whose GGW wives have helped them in this way.

The final choice of woman not to live with is the ***Career Woman***. She starts off in marriages with the best of ideals and fully intends to effectively juggle the responsibilities of full-time employment, home making and children. Imperceptibly at first, CW's attitude and behavior toward her ever-loving spouse change. The first danger sign is that night he arrives home to be greeted with: "You make the meal tonight — I've had to bring some work home."

Then it's: "I'm working late so I'll grab a bite to eat at the office."

Before the husband knows it, a complete role reversal has taken place. He has to charge round the shops in his lunch hour to buy the groceries, knock off work early to collect the kids and cook the evening meal in the vague hope that mummy will join them.

If he wants sex he has to make a note of it in her diary and hope she can find the time to fit him in. He begins to wonder how she ever found the time to slow down enough to have the children in the first place. The CW is off on business trips abandoning husband and children while she competes for sales contracts. He finds himself introduced at functions as: "Oh! Have you met CW's husband?"

Mail arrives at the house prominently marked Ms where good old Mrs used to be. The crunch comes when she suggests: "I need to get away from it all. So let's take separate holidays this year . . . You can take the kids."

So as soon as she gets home from work, I'm off — crocodile shooting or something. — GORDON KERKHAM

ILLUSTRATION BY JILL HANSEN

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Apart from "we wuz robbed", it's the oldest and most common catchcry in sport: "What the bloody hell would he know about it? He was never much of a player himself."

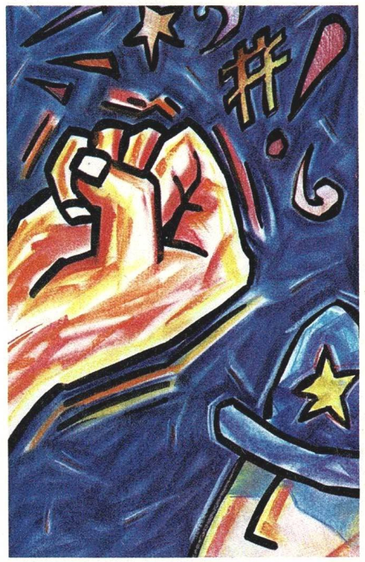
You can bet your family jewels that (or obscenity to that effect) was what England cricket captain Mike Gatting told his team-mates about Pakistani umpire Shakoor Rana after their nasty and historic contretemps last December. And it is, of course, the sentiment expressed by practically every tennis player ranked 500 or better about practically every umpire, linesperson or court official in practically every tournament played.

Players hate officials, it's as simple as that. There's nothing new in this — in fact it's a hatred as old as the playing of games — but as the games get more and more serious the hatred intensifies, particularly when it crosses those traditional battle-lines between amateurs and professionals. Or, as many of the former still see it, "gentlemen and players". It's an interesting relationship, and one worth examining, because whether the players like it or not, officials are here to stay.

The writing was on the wall from the very first time two players started kicking, throwing or bowling a ball around a field. One player claimed a victory, the other disputed it and the situation was resolved by whichever player owned the ball grabbing it and going home. Clearly this was unsatisfactory to all concerned. An arbiter was required, and if the arbiter owned the ball, so much the better. If the arbiter owned the ball but didn't know how to play, the scenario was near perfect. This person would be happy to do all the dirty work while those who could play, did.

Problems began to arise, however, almost immediately. The arbiter who owned the ball but couldn't play, obviously didn't know the rules of the game, and his decisions were disputed. "What the bloody hell would he know about it?" the players asked each other. After a series of disputed decisions, they took the matter up with the arbiter. "What the bloody hell would you know about it?" they chorused, and the arbiter fined them both, suspended them for two matches and took his ball and went home. Thus was born modern sport.

It is wrong to assume, as most players do, that all those altruistic souls involved in the official and administrative arms of sport are meddling morons whose ignorance of the game is only topped by their ignorance of human emotions. Many officials (and they are frequently former athletes and players of note) work long and hard for little or no remuneration simply because they love the sport. But there does seem to be some sort of psychological affliction that overtakes those who are drawn to the calling, not only for love of the game, but through a perverse desire to wear a brightly colored and ill-fitting uniform: they cherish the power of discipline over precocious children, to prevent right of way for ordinary people on pool aprons, forecourts and touchlines, and to be verbally and sometimes physically abused by large and grotesquely muscled athletes.



Too often the contest is not between opposing players, but between players and officials.

This masochistic aberration is nowhere more evident than in the amateur sporting unions who control our representation at Commonwealth and Olympic Games. Here officialdom comes into its own because the issues are anything but simple when you are dealing, not with such tangibles as money, but with such esoteric and easily misunderstood concepts as patriotism, pride and glory. Officials are drawn from positions of virtual anonymity within the community and given the power to control the destinies of those who have potential greatness. Is it any wonder there is conflict?

Perhaps the most infamous example of officialdom squashing the champion (and there have been many) was the imposition in 1964 of a 10-year ban on the greatest swimmer in the world, Dawn Fraser. Fraser was a phenomenon, an athlete of such courage and grim determination that she was able to overcome personal tragedy that year to go on and beat an American half her age to take gold in the Olympic 100 metres freestyle — her third in that event in successive Olympics and her fourth Olympic gold. Had she not been banned there was every chance that this remarkable woman would have gone on to better her medal tally in the rarified atmosphere of Mexico City in 1968 and to completely shatter the conventional wisdom about the career span of swimmers.

Swimming was Dawn Fraser's life. She had given up everything for it, and beyond the sport she was a fragile, confused and highly strung creature.

Officialdom repaid her effort by refusing her permission to march in the opening ceremony. In customary style, Fraser told them to shove it and marched anyway. The officials had their backs up now, and a few days later (in between winning swims) Fraser provided them with more ammo. She was involved in a boozy and ill-conceived plan to souvenir a flag from the Emperor's Palace and finished up in a Tokyo lock-up. The local police were less than amused but they did not press charges. However, there was an uproar in the Australian press and clearly the champion had to be punished.

The verdict of the Australian Swimming Union was that this woman — our greatest swimmer — should pay for her high jinks with her swimming life. The 10-year ban was later reduced to four but it was just as telling, excluding her from both the 1966 Commonwealth Games and the 1968 Olympics and ending her magnificent career. The outraged Australian public has never really forgiven the ASU, and in a more general sense it has never since expected much in the way of fairness or common sense from sports officialdom.

And if our expectations have been low, then officialdom has aimed even lower. Perhaps symbolic of the new frontiers of low achievement in sports administration is the abysmal performance of the Australian Institute of Sport. Despite the bucketloads of money thrown at it, the AIS has succeeded only in embroiling itself in controversy. In this Olympic year we will again be looking not to officialdom but to athletes of the calibre of Dawn Fraser who have the guts to stand up to the power merchants in the funny uniforms.

— PHIL JARRATT

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID MORRIS

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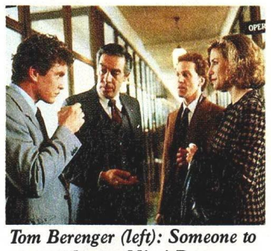
Showbiz

Ridley Scott's back in form and Tom Burlinson's back in the saddle.

LIFE AFTER LEGEND: The good news is that **Ridley Scott** is back in form. The man who made *Alien* one of the top 50 box office successes of all time, dazzled the critics with *Blade Runner*, and then bored everybody shitless with *Legend* while brother **Tony** was knocking 'em dead with *Top Gun* and *Beverly Hills Cop 2*, has now come up with a rare sensual treat through the unlikely medium of a police thriller. *Someone To Watch Over Me* uses the talents of **Tom Berenger**, minus the disfiguring scars he wore for his Oscar-nominated Sergeant Barnes in *Platoon*, for the role of the happily married cop assigned to guard a rich socialite who has witnessed a murder. When you see cop's wife **Lorraine Bracco** flexing her perfect buttocks in the mirror and complaining "My ass has dropped," you wonder how



Tom Berenger (left): Someone to watch over Mimi Rogers.

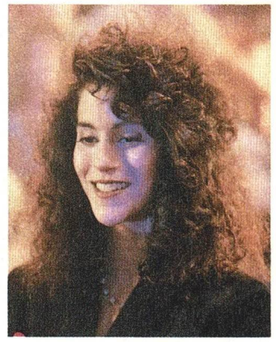
Berenger could fall for anyone else — until you observe the delicacy with which Ridley Scott builds up his relationship with the gorgeous **Mimi Rogers**. As always in his films, the art direction is flawless, and Scott treats us to some superb city landscapes and fascinating interiors, not the least of which is the *Queen Mary* at Long Beach, which was used for the disco scenes. This time the beauty isn't superfluous, as it was in *Legend* — it all adds to the moody atmosphere in which a crisis situation becomes more believable.

●

PLATOON'S HUSTLER: Forest Whitaker, a big bear of an actor with the softest voice, is still making his name in uniform. A veteran of *Platoon*, he's also appearing in this year's take on the war, *Good Morning, Vietnam*, a *M*A*S*H* like dark comedy starring **Robin Williams** as an armed forces radio disc jockey. "I always wanted to do a project on Vietnam, the right project. When *Platoon* came along I knew it was it," he says. "I think the war still needs to be understood. People just don't understand the pain." A product of the USC School of Drama, Whitaker, 26, hustled a memorable game of pool from **Paul Newman** in *The Color Of Money*, played a detective in *Stakeout* and now, after *Good Morning, Vietnam* he has mastered the sax to play jazz great **Charlie Parker** in an upcoming film. "I don't mind if I play good guys or bad or crazy guys," he says, "as long as they have something to say."

●

THE MAN RETURNS TO THE SNOWY: After those heady release years in which *The Man From Snowy River* made nearly $8 million at the Australian box office (1982) and *Crocodile Dundee* took in $16 million (1986), it is a sobering thought that the Australian film released in 1987 which had most success on its home ground was *Travelling North*, with a less-than-handsome $1.3 million. Naturally the industry will be watching



Less Than Zero's Jamie Gertz.

anxiously to see how *Man From Snowy River II* matches up. It certainly looks great, with a couple of staggering helicopter shots. There's also another headlong ride down an almost sheer hillside which frankly boggles the mind. And another definite plus is the presence of **Brian Dennehy** in the **Kirk Douglas** role — for once one doesn't resent the obligatory American intrusion, even if he does sometimes look as if he's wondering what he's doing there. But **Sigrid Thornton** and **Tom Burlinson**'s acting hasn't improved and this time round there's even less story. But what the hell, the horseriding stunts are magnificent, and **Nicholas Eadie** is very acceptable as a thoroughly bad lot. We can only wish it well.

●

REELING AND ROCKING: Since 1979, when their debut single *Stop Your Sobbing* was released, **The Pretenders** have come up with hit after hit. Even a few unfortunate line-up changes in 1982 couldn't stop the inimitable **Chrissie Hynde**. After eight years this latest album, *Pretenders: The Singles* (WEA) was inevitable. They're all here, folks, from the very early *Brass In Pocket* and *Talk Of The Town* through to recent hits like *Don't Get Me Wrong* and *Hymn To Her*. . . Movie soundtrack of the year would have to be *Lost Boys*, with haunting cover versions by **Echo And The Bunnymen** of **The Doors'** *People Are Strange* and **Roger Daltrey** doing **Elton John**'s *Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me*. Both transcend their great originals. And if the record sends you back to the movie, just watch that anthem-like performance of *I Still Believe*. . . No matter what you thought of *Dirty Dancing*, the dancing itself is great, and so is the nostalgic 1963 soundtrack, with a revival of **Bruce Channel**'s *Hey Baby*. . . **Robert Stigwood** wants **Madonna** to play the part of **Eva Peron** in the movie version of *Evita*. . . Blonde British bopper **Shirley,** who used to dance behind **Wham!**, has been asked to take on the role of **Doris Day** in a new movie venture. We don't quite see the connection!

MOVIE SCORECARD

capsule close-ups of current movies by graham barry

Couch Trip Not so loony inmate Dan Aykroyd impersonates radio shrink with great effect but little humor. ¥¥

Cry Freedom Attenborough's worthy but sententious tribute to black South African martyr Steve Biko. ¥¥

Dirty Dancing Corny, but when Jennifer Grey and Patrick Swayze dance together, what the hell!! ¥¥¥

Fatal Attraction Glenn Close does a *Play Misty For Me* on errant Michael Douglas. Sexy but nasty. ¥¥

Inner Space Joe (*Gremlins*) Dante miniaturises Randy Quaid for an *Incredible Journey* through Martin Short! ¥¥¥

Jean De Florette/Manon Des Sources Pure soap, but so well done both critics and public have raved. ¥¥¥

My Sweet Little Village Eccentricity can be very endearing, as this small Czech masterpiece proves. ¥¥¥¥

Less Than Zero The Brat Pack's wimpy Andrew McCarthy fails to save Robert Downey from drugs — but who cares? ¥

Overboard Rich bitch Goldie Hawn loses her memory, so Kurt Russell kids her she's mother of his four kids! ¥¥¥

Revenge Of The Nerds II Those dopes who took over the campus are ready for the real world. Go on, laugh. ¥¥

Space Balls May the Schwarz save you from Dark Helmet, and Mel Brooks's appallingly funny gags. ¥¥¥

Stakeout Cop Richard Dreyfuss can't help falling for the girl he should be spying on. Charming — and very funny. ¥¥¥

Suspect Cher is oh so vulnerable as the public defender of deaf-mute derro. Good thriller. ¥¥¥

The Pick-Up Artist is a no-mark in this trashy number but Molly Ringwald and Dennis Hopper lift it. ¥¥

The Principal Jim Belushi is perfectly credible stalking the Blackboard Jungle, but the movie isn't. ¥¥¥

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BRUCE RUXTON

A candid conversation with the RSL's mega-mouth about gays, trendies, blacks and why he's not really a racist.

Bruce Carlyle Ruxton OBE, the Victorian president of the RSL, has become a national identity, not so much because of what he's done, but because of what he's said. Ruxton is an original "mouth from the south," and his eagerness to shoot from the lip has made him a favorite of journalists across the nation. The press knows Bruce as "dial-a-quote" — if any trendy issue arises which needs some balance from the other side, the idea is to call Bruce who'll certainly put his two bob's worth in with an emphatic and very quotable quote.

To some members of the media Ruxton is the "little Aussie prattler," a term he dislikes. Clearly he would see himself as the archetypal little Aussie battler. But while Bruce Ruxton as Public Stirrer Number One is the image most Australians have of the man, the 70,000 members of the Victorian RSL know and love a different Bruce, a hard-working, caring and no-nonsense president who battles for their rights and mostly comes up trumps. The RSL membership is Ruxton's power-base — and he has enough savvy to know that if he loses the members' votes he loses all. Such is his standing with the rank and file that he is usually re-elected unopposed.

Bruce Ruxton claims he had a tough upbringing, fairly typical of his generation. He's the grandson of a protestant Irish teacher and was raised in the Melbourne suburb of Kew during the Depression. He was earmarked for university but the war broke out while he was still at high school. Melbourne High threw itself into the war effort. Money was raised, lists of fallen former students were read out and many pupils went to the air force. Ruxton, however, joined the army at the grand old age of 17 and was posted to a Queensland battalion, the 2nd 25th. This, according to Ruxton, was a tough school, with some very tough citizens who didn't even wear boots and socks.

The battalion's war experience was also tough — Ruxton fought for three years in the south-west Pacific, and in Borneo he saw evidence of Japanese atrocities which he says he will never forget. He said men from his battalion had their buttocks cut off and eaten, and he saw a pit containing the bayoneted bodies of 300 women. After the war finished, Ruxton served in Japan with the occupation forces, an experience which bewildered him because he could never understand why the Japanese entered the war in the first place.

When his service was completed, Ruxton went into the family business and for a while worked in London. But the Returned Services League was where he really belonged. He joined the League in 1946 and worked hard on many committees. In 1979 he was elected president, and he's still serving.

Australian Playboy sent managing editor ***Peter Olszewski*** *to Melbourne to find out what drum Bruce Ruxton marches to. He reports: "Mr Ruxton sent me a small printed map showing the route to his Albert Park office, one of his two offices. At the duly appointed time of 9.30am I arrived at the office and from the street outside I could hear the famous bull-horn voice. His office is small, cluttered and unpretentious. The walls are almost totally covered with war paintings, posters, and magazine covers, and the office was a little hive of suburban industry. Obviously adoring secretaries buzzed in and out of his headquarters and a baby played noisily in the corridor outside.*

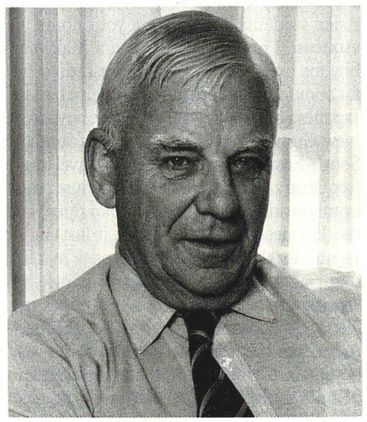
"For the first half of the interview Ruxton spoke to me while at the same time signing dozens and dozens of Christmas cards.

"The interview was also interrupted by a phone call from radio station 3DB's Bert Newton who interviewed him on air.

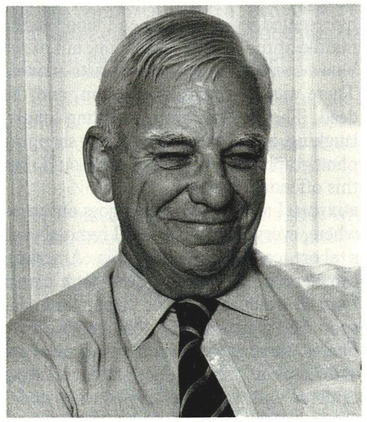
"Bruce performed well for Bert, yelling into the phone, thumping the desk and coming out with all his best, but oft-used lines.

"After that interview finished, Bruce quietened down and got on with his Playboy Interview. But he confessed that his outrageousness on air is not as spontaneous as it sounds. His over-the-top statements are actually carefully thought out for maximum effect and he explained how he'd spent quite a while working out the effect of referring to Archbishop Tutu as a 'witch-doctor'. But Bruce's main problem is that

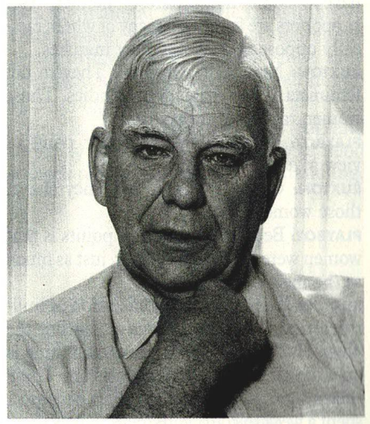
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN KEESING AND ASSOCIATES



"Germaine Greer is a very nice person and I get on very well with her. She's an old friend of mine. We helped her father years ago."



"In Cape Town I can stand at the urinal next to a black man and he can look at mine and I can look at his, all right?"



"Politicians should go and see what they have caused this century — 700,000 graves in France and Belgium for a start."

he's hoist on his own petard — his calculated outrageousness works so well that it's become his trademark, to the detriment of the very serious work he performs on behalf of his RSL members. It concerns Ruxton that he's often referred to as an extremist, because he sees himself as an ordinary bloke expressing the concerns and attitudes of the ordinary Aussie. Bruce claims to speak for the majority of ordinary Aussies, 75 percent of whom, he claims, agree with his stand on just about anything. Which sort of sums Ruxton up — he's the not-so-average Joe volubly representing the average Joe."

PLAYBOY: Now that your friendship with Germaine Greer is public knowledge, and grist for the publicity mill, do you think you are in danger of becoming a trendy?

RUXTON: I dunno. I'm half trendy now but I'm not trendy in the way a lot of these other people round Australia are who are expounding their theories and views which are very contrary to mine. Germaine Greer's a friend of mine and I put it to you that most of her supporters wouldn't be supporters of the RSL. The Ruxton-Germaine Greer deal must have them very intrigued indeed.

PLAYBOY: Indeed, probably the strangest bedfellows in Australia would be Ruxton and Greer!

RUXTON: She's a very nice person and I get on very well with her. She's an old friend of mine. We helped her father years ago. He was in the war victims home at Frankston and then he was put into the Mount Eliza Geriatric Hospital in which the RSL has a financial stake and that's where he died after he had a number of strokes. She's been just grateful about the way we looked after her father. We would have looked after him anyway, whether she was grateful or not, and she has responded and we've been friends ever since.

PLAYBOY: Possibly this is a classic example where practicality enters the human experience, because you and Greer could have become the bitterest enemies. Her supporters are feminists, many of whom radically oppose your Anzac Day marches.

RUXTON: Now wait a minute. They're not feminists. They're not even trendies. Those women rattle when they walk.

PLAYBOY: So you don't see their point of view at all?

RUXTON: Certainly don't. No, they shave, those women. . .

PLAYBOY: Because one of their points is that women were victims of the war, just as much as the men who fought.

RUXTON: They are a conglomeration of bullshit artists. The same women are outside the Town Hall when the Miss Australia thing is on. I've seen them on the television. There they all are and I know them all because I spent a week in court with them. Know them all.

PLAYBOY: So you'll never become their mate?

RUXTON: Never. And for once everyone in Australia is on side, including the press. They are a small group, the same lot every time. The women against rape, against war, they mean nothing to me, nothing.

PLAYBOY: Did you like being in the war?

RUXTON: I didn't. I don't hold anything against my service in the army. I believe that if it happened again, I'd do the same thing, okay. And I think that's what the majority would say — they would do the same thing. Having said that, one hopes that those sorts of occasions wouldn't happen again and I've got good reasons for saying that. But as far as my service in the forces goes, I think most of us would say that yes, it didn't do us any harm, we survived. I think survival was the key to many things. See, even in action with an infantry battalion, if someone gets killed, you don't have that feeling of remorse at that time because you weren't killed. . . do you follow? Later on after you get out of the army, you start to think, and that's when those sort of memories start to come back. Sad memories. But wars. . . one's only got to go to Gallipoli where I was last year. I had the honor of giving the Anzac Day address at Gallipoli, at the dawn service, and after that we went to northern France and southern Belgium. All politicians should go to those areas and see what they have caused this century — 700,000 graves in northern France and southern Belgium for a start.

PLAYBOY: I'd never given much thought to war graves, until I ended up in Burma with time to spare and visited a WWII war cemetery. It affected me terribly, acres and acres of little white crosses spreading from horizon to horizon, all representing dead men, or often dead boys.

RUXTON: Well, those acres. . . they have hectares in northern France and southern Belgium. They are so sad.

PLAYBOY: And an incident which happened while I was there gives me an inkling to your attitude toward some Japanese. . .

RUXTON: I tell you what, I had one in here last night, from one of Japan's largest newspapers. . .

PLAYBOY: While I was reflecting on the carnage those white crosses in Burma represented, especially when I stood in the middle of the Australian section, out of the blue a busload of Japanese tourists arrived. There was just myself and them, and the dead. They walked around talking loudly, laughing, and of course incessantly snapping photographs. I never thought it would, but this offended me greatly.

RUXTON: I tell you what, that goes on everywhere, everywhere now, and I remember at a short ceremony at the big American cemetery in Manila, the dead were carted from all around the Pacific to that particular spot. And while we were doing our Lest We Forget, these Japanese tourists came along and I took to them — they started clicking cameras and goodness knows what and I tried to tell this fellow yesterday, this Japanese journalist, he asked me why has the veteran community got such antipathy toward Japan. That gave me a chance to go right up him like a porter up a platform. Well, he then asked me what could they do to rectify this dislike and I said you could start compensating Australian POWs in a proper fashion. I said your country's rich enough to do it. So he took that on board.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it will happen?

RUXTON: You never know, there's pressure coming forward now from the POW Association to put it on Japan for compensation. They should do it, just as the German government had to do it for those incarcerated in concentration camps. And then I also said to him that we are inclined to home in on the Japanese for two reasons — one for the abominable way they treated POWs and the way they conducted themselves in war, and the other one is because they're Asian. I told him that I thought the Germans got out of it lightly but I told him that very likely it was because they're European. You understand that? I think it's because the Japanese are Asian that it makes it a little bit worse in our eyes.

PLAYBOY: So what is your relationship with Japanese? You seem amiable enough with visiting dignitaries, but you seem distressed by their war-time behavior.

RUXTON: Okay, let's have a look at the Japanese. I was one of the first Australians to go to Japan after the war during the occupation. As I said to this fellow last night, after a couple of weeks in Japan I didn't understand — and no one did — how they could ever go to war. So polite and nice, but underneath it all of course it's the *bushido* in the *samurai* — it's in them, and can click in them overnight.

PLAYBOY: Do you hate Japanese people?

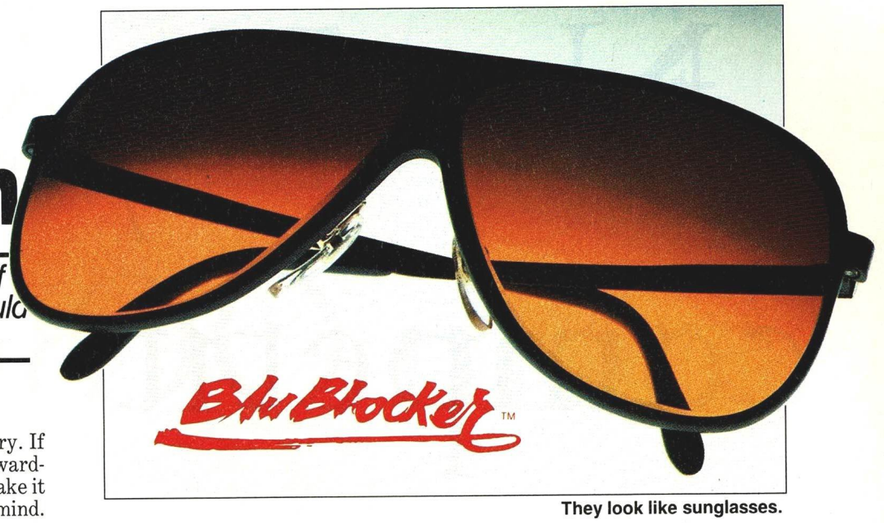
RUXTON: No. I think the word "hate" should be struck from the dictionary. I've said this before, one of our friends (and particularly my son who went to school with him) is a Japanese — he's a businessman in Tokyo now — he's lived at our place and I wouldn't wish for a better kind of person or young man than him.

PLAYBOY: People who regard you as an out-and-out racist because of your provocative statements would be surprised to learn that Asian students have lived in your home. . .

RUXTON: Three. . . we've had a Malaysian boy for two years; we've had an Indian boy for about nine months. . . uh, we've had the Japanese boy, and I've had black boys from New Guinea. And I've got more friends in South-East Asia than most. I travel there frequently. They all laugh because their immigration laws are worse than ours, and the Japanese journo admitted it last night. Japan's for the Japanese — they stick to it like that. Japan — it's a homogeneous race. As a matter of fact Nakasone last year got into trouble because he had a shot at the Americans because it's a polyglot society and he got into trouble for that remark about being a multicultural society with no grip. That's where they've got it over everybody else — they're all Japanese. There's no fractures in the society like we have in Australia with multiculturalism. That's our fault too

Vision Breakthrough

When I put on the pair of glasses what I saw I could not believe. Nor will you.



They look like sunglasses.

By Joseph Sugarman

I am about to tell you a true story. If you believe me, you will be well rewarded. If you don't believe me, I will make it worth your while to change your mind. Let me explain.

Len is a friend of mine who knows good products. One day he called excited about a pair of sunglasses he owned. "It's so incredible," he said, "when you first look through a pair, you won't believe it."

"What will I see?" I asked. "What could be so incredible?"

Len continued, "When you put on these glasses, your vision improves. Objects appear sharper, more defined. Everything takes on an enhanced 3-D effect. And it's not my imagination. I just want you to see for yourself."

COULDN'T BELIEVE EYES

When I received the sunglasses and put them on I couldn't believe my eyes. I kept taking them off and putting them on to see if indeed what I was seeing was indeed actually sharper or if my imagination was playing tricks on me. But my vision improved. It was obvious. I kept putting on my $100 pair of sunglasses and comparing them. They didn't compare. I was very impressed. Everything appeared sharper, more defined and indeed had a greater three dimensional look to it. But what did this product do that made my vision so much better? I found out.

The sunglasses (called BluBlockers) filter out the ultraviolet and blue spectrum light waves from the sun. You've often heard the color blue used for expressions of bad moods such as "blue Monday" or "I have the blues." Apparently, the color blue, for centuries, has been considered a rather depressing color.

For eyesight, blue is not a good color too. There are several reasons. First, the blue rays have one of the shortest wavelengths in the visible spectrum (red is the longest). As a result, the color blue will focus slightly in front of the retina which is the "focusing screen" in your eye. By blocking the blue from the sunlight through a special filtration process, and only letting those rays through that indeed focus clearly on the retina, objects appear to be sharper and clearer.

The second reason is even more impressive. It is harmful to have ultra-violet rays fall on our eyes. Recognized as bad for skin, UV light is worse for eyes and is believed to play a role in many of today's eye diseases. In addition, people with contact lenses are at greater risk because contacts tend to magnify the light thus increasing the sun's harmful effects.

SUNGLASS DANGER

Finally, by eliminating the blue and UV light during the day, your night vision improves. The purple pigment in your eye, called Rhodopsin, is affected by blue and ultraviolet light and the eyes can take hours to recover from the damage.

But what really surprised me was the danger in conventional sunglasses. Our pupils close in bright light to limit the light entering the eye and open wider at night like the lens of an automatic camera. So when we put on sunglasses, although we reduce the amount of light that enters our eyes, our pupils open wider and we allow more of the harmful blue and ultraviolet light into our eyes.

DON'T BE CONFUSED

I'm often asked by people who read this, "Do those Blu-Blockers really work?" They really do and please give me the opportunity to prove it. I guarantee each pair of BluBlockers to perform exactly as I described.

BluBlocker sunglasses use ophthalmic-quality CR-39 lenses with a hard anti-scratch coating. Over 85 percent of all doctors' prescriptions are now filled with CR-39. No shortcuts were taken.

The black, light-weight anodized aluminum frame is one of the most comfortable I have ever worn and compares with many of the $200 pairs you can buy from France or Italy.

The weakest link in any pair of glasses is the hinge. So there's a precision two-way tension hinge that not only bends when you close the pair, but is spring-loaded to bend outward too. You get a completely flexible frame that will comfortably contour to any size face.

There are also two other models. One is a clip-on pair that weighs less than one ounce and fits over prescription lenses and the second is a precision-molded plastic frame that looks identical to the aluminum model but without the tension hinge. All models include a padded carrying case and a one-year limited warranty.

I urge you to order a pair and experience your improved vision. Then take your old sunglasses and compare them to the BluBlocker sunglasses. See how much clearer and sharper objects appear with the BluBlocker pair. And see if your night vision doesn't improve as a direct result. If you don't see a dramatic difference in your vision—one so noticeable that you can tell immediately, then send them back anytime within 30 days and I will send you a prompt and courteous refund.

DRAMATIC DIFFERENCE

But from what I've personally witnessed, once you wear a pair, there will be no way you'll want to return it.

Pilots, golfers, hunters, athletes and anyone who spends a great deal of time in the sun, who drives a car or who just wants to protect their vision—all will find BluBlocker sunglasses indispensable.

Our eyes are very important to us. Protect them and at the same time improve your vision with the most incredible breakthrough in sunglasses since they were first introduced. Order a pair or two at no obligation, today.

Credit card holders call toll free and order by product number below or send a check plus $3 for postage and handling.

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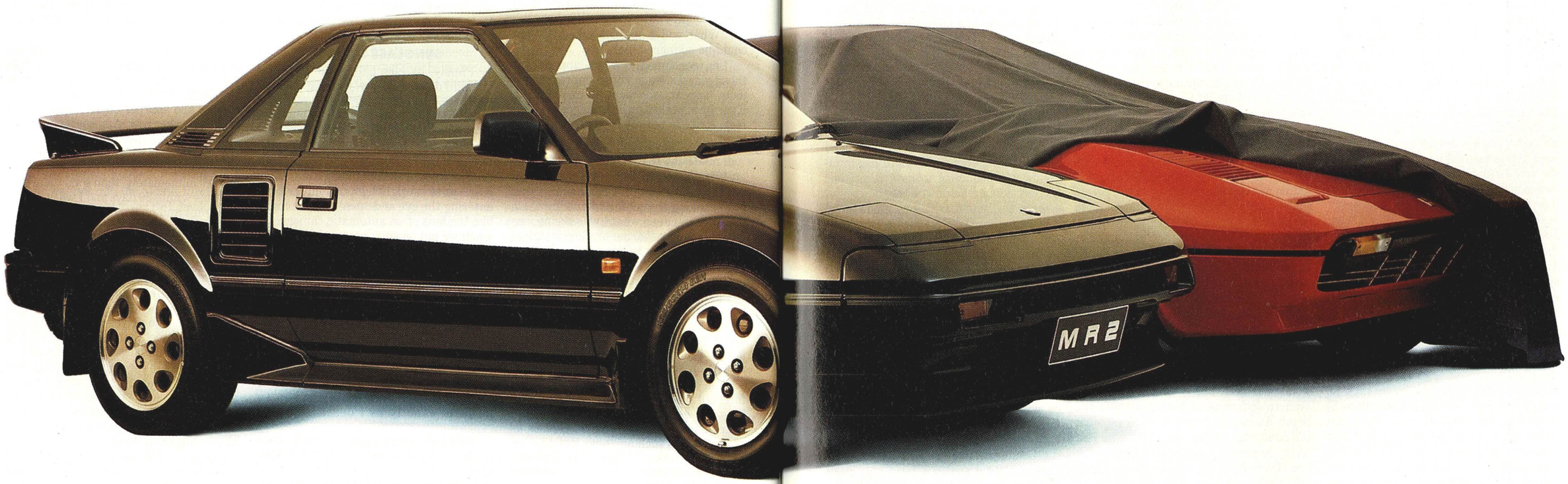
New Toyota MR2. Its nearest competitor is $100,000 more.



Until now, sophisticated mid-engine Twin Cam multi valve sports cars have been the domain of an Italian marque.

The brilliant new MR2 has certainly changed that.

Because beneath all of the style, technology and sophistication is a true Toyota. So it's not only great value to begin with, it's built to stay that way.

Among its many accolades, MR2 has received Japanese Car of the Year, Motor Trend Import Car of the Year and voted one of the ten best cars in the world by Car and Driver Magazine.

Car and Driver also said "the MR2 has the soul of a Ferrari factored down to four-cylinder affordability."

American motoring authority, John Harter, was even more complimentary.

"The Japanese two-seater has more in common with the Ferrari than you might think. Its mid engine, with four valves per cylinder, is behind the seat, and the car has dynamite handling."

"The MR2 is actually a lot more fun to drive than a Testarossa."

At its heart is Toyota's 16 valve Twin Cam electronically fuel injected engine, which will motivate you from 0 to 100 km/h in just eight seconds.

Matched by the superb handling prowess of fully independent suspension and four wheel disc brakes to keep it firmly adhered to terra firma.

And you'll be more than surprised by the amount of space and comfort.

There's a seven-way adjustable sports driver's seat, leather-covered steering wheel and a superb audio system with a nine-band graphic equaliser.

And an ergonomic layout Car and Driver said was "the best in the industry."

While the MR2 is beautiful to look at, it will also play hard to get because it is being imported in limited numbers.

So be one of the lucky ones and see your Toyota Dealer quickly.

The new MR2. If Ferrari was going to build an affordable sports car, this could easily be it.

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MR2
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— we push people into corners, call them ethnics and let them do their own thing, instead of trying to weld them into Australian society by teaching them something about our system of government or whatever.

PLAYBOY: When I lived in India for a short while I was constantly being harassed by bank tellers, by almost anyone who I did business with, to sponsor them to migrate to Australia. It didn't take long to realise that an open-door policy could flood Australia with millions of Indians overnight and, understanding Indians, it would be in their interests to vote as a block once in Australia. . .

RUXTON: One of the problems of course — you're highlighting it — is they don't assimilate for starters. You don't get "Asian Indians" in Fiji or wherever. In Malaysia or Borneo, Indians are there, but they always keep to themselves. I remember after the war in Borneo, we took over a place called Samarinda, the headquarters of the Japanese Army, and the Indians were there, always to themselves, in trading, but always to themselves. But what annoys me more than anything, you mentioned India and I mentioned Japan, they are racist societies. Gandhi and Dr Mahathir from Malaysia — he conducts the greatest racist society and country on earth. They want us to keep sticking the boot into South Africa. You ask a Malaysian-Chinese how free he is compared to the Malay — he's on a different scale altogether and it's downstairs. And Gandhi's got a hide to keep talking about South Africa the way he does — he can't even control racism in his own country, for goodness sake. The racism in India is the worst in Asia.

PLAYBOY: And they've got the caste system.

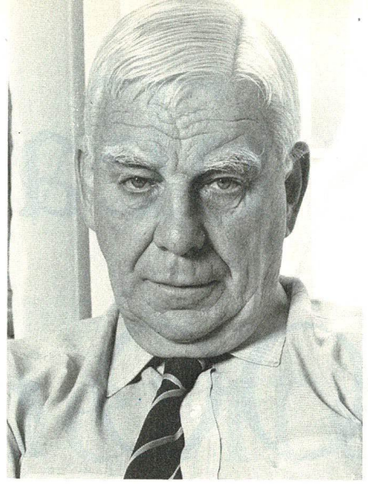
RUXTON: Of course they have. They've got their castes, they've got their sikhs, all these different people wanting to tear one another apart, yet Australia is always the bunny.

PLAYBOY: If you were living in South Africa now, would you be getting out?

RUXTON: No, no. First of all, talking about South Africa, the greatest misinformation has been put over the Australian people by the daily press and by the government. Misinformation is an old Soviet ploy for getting peoples' minds against something by misleading headlines etcetera. You know South African soldiers fight in Angola, but there were only about five and they didn't say anything about the two thousand Cubans and Marxist troops killed there. It's misinformation all the time.

PLAYBOY: But you would agree that the South African situation is reaching flash-point, wouldn't you?

RUXTON: No, it's not actually. That's the misinformation — everyone says it's reaching a flash-point but I've got a statement here from Chief Buthelesi. In a conversation I had with him in September he said, and it's true, that if it wasn't for the way that the West is kicking South Africa, apartheid would've disappeared by now. But what we're doing, because we've pulled the shutter door down, we are pushing the Afrikaner into a corner



"Australia is always the bunny."

and he's the most stubborn human being on earth and that's the problem. And we believe, as the RSL believes, that by trading, by cultural ties, by playing sport, we can ease that country out of its problems. That is, of course, if it's our business. I get fed up with the press saying, what about the squalor. The squalor that's in South Africa is like paradise compared to what some of the Aborigines live in here in parts of Australia. I'm telling you that as a fact — and I've seen the squalor. They talk about the squalor in parts of South Africa, but places like Soweto are just like any other city on earth — it has its Bellevue Hills, Tooraks, new drains, spacious grounds, swimming pools, tennis courts, black servants, all right? It's got its middle class. . . its north shore and Balwyns etc. It's got its working class areas and it's got its squalor, and every city on earth has got those — London, New York — they've all got squalor. I maintain again that the squalor in South Africa is just paradise compared to the squalor not far out of the city in Redfern. Go down on a hot summer's night and cop it.

PLAYBOY: But where the situation is different in South Africa is that there are many more blacks than whites, the blacks are the majority.

RUXTON: Well, I'll tell you something — I didn't see any apartheid practices as such, when I was there. This government and other Western governments have not given the South African government credit for what it's done over the past few years. The past might have been crook — it's been crook here. Everyone's got a bad past, but they have been developing a society which is much better, except they haven't got around to one man, one vote. Our government is not screaming at Fiji about that, is it? They're not screaming at New Caledonia. One man, one vote and the Kanaks would never be in a minority.

PLAYBOY: It wasn't that long ago that Aboriginals got the vote here, was it?

RUXTON: Twenty years ago — 1967 I think that referendum took place. I remember it very well. Now let's have a look at this apartheid. The only apartheid that's practised in South Africa at present, if you could call it apartheid, is the Group Areas Act, where you've got black townships and white townships. I was told by blacks, Afrikaners and English speakers and Buthelesi that they don't act on the Group Areas Act — the police don't, so if you're black and you move over to my area, nothing's said. And this is a bark — there's no action taken whatsoever.

I didn't go to Durban, but I believe there are segregated beaches down at Durban and there's a reason for that too, because of the three million Indians who're there. So you've got the beaches in other parts of South Africa at Cape Town and right round that beautiful coast down there — Port Elizabeth, East London — anyone can swim anywhere, anytime, any day. "What about the toilets, Mr Ruxton?" I've said to them on *Good Morning Australia* from Cape Town — you can use the same toilet, and you're standing there at the urinal next to a black man and he can look at mine and I can look at his, all right? They're in all the hotels. I spoke about the Burgers Park Hotel in Pretoria — it's a four star hotel and a beautiful hotel — they had the bars and everything, all full of blacks, living there in the coffee shop and dining room: they've just taken these places over. Plenty of money, too, I might add, plenty of money. So we've got a lot to answer for with South Africa.

PLAYBOY: What about here, with Aboriginals? Do you have much truck with Aboriginal causes at all?

RUXTON: Yes, I had a burst on the radio in Sydney — 2UE I think it was. Mansell and his mates are now requesting foreign governments to allow them to have Aboriginal ambassadors in their countries and they've written to a list of nations for them to set up their own embassies overseas. Now this is the sort of nonsense we've got ourselves into in Australia. We don't believe in land rights. If soldiers went away from Australia to fight for God, King and country there is no way that you could give Australia away to the Aborigines. Two, the RSL believes that we have an obligation to pull the Aboriginal out of the hole we pushed him into over the past 200 years — now we mean that. Number three, we reckon there's one Australia for all Australians — black, white, yellow, brindle or white — one Australia. Four, I wrote a foreword to a book about six years ago about them wanting a separate black nation within the Commonwealth of Australia and I got bucketed for it and look what happened: that's what Mansell went to see Gaddafi about. They want that separate black nation within the Commonwealth of Australia — two flags, two peoples, two everything.

PLAYBOY: People like Charles Perkins don't.

RUXTON: It's not on. Well, Perkins has sort of woken up a bit. Perkins has changed his radical views, but you know, as he said to me one night at a dinner at Parliament House, not only do they want their land rights, they want to change the names of Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Sydney, Melbourne and Hobart to Aboriginal names. So I said why don't you change your own name to an Aboriginal name?

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PLAYBOY: What did he say to that?

RUXTON: Oh, he didn't say anything — they don't like me much. They don't really like me at all. Bruce is not their favorite son.

PLAYBOY: You oppose Aboriginal soldiers getting full RSL benefits. . .

RUXTON: No, that's not right. There's no difference between an Aboriginal soldier and a white soldier and I was in a Queensland battalion during the war and they had plenty of Aboriginal soldiers in the war. They were all good soldiers — same rates of pay, same everything. No, we've never opposed them, never. No, I couldn't do that — we've got some great friends who are Aboriginals in Queensland.

PLAYBOY: Would you let an Aboriginal into your RSL club?

RUXTON: Oh sure. They're in RSL clubs — we've got Chinese, Vietnamese, we've got an Indian sub-branch — there's no worries about that, no worries about that at all. We've got Chinese members and all sorts of people in the RSL. People think that we're one big white Aryan race, that's what they think.

PLAYBOY: What about gays?

RUXTON: I don't think anyone would stop a gay, if someone's homosexual. . . If anyone found out about it I think he'd start being called poofter but. . .

PLAYBOY: Would you bar an obviously gay bloke?

RUXTON: No, we can't — we couldn't do that — according to the rules.

PLAYBOY: But you're very opposed to gays. . .

RUXTON: It started off very simply by me objecting to changes in the Defence Act and changes in the criminal code of military law. . . it wound up I think in the criminal code of the ACT to allow homosexuals in the forces. I don't think that's right and I tell you why. . .

PLAYBOY: I think that's where the wrangle started. . .

RUXTON: That's right. I'm not against homosexuals as such, although they're in a different world to Bruce Ruxton, but in the forces, it's not on. They said it's all right to have homosexuals as long as they don't do anything on the base. Now how would you stop a ship's captain if he's on with his steward at sea — the breaking-down of discipline. I did get rather facetious about the first five-mile-high male club, you know, about an F-111 with two blokes up there. . .

PLAYBOY: At the same time you've worked under and with homosexuals.

RUXTON: I dunno about worked under them, but there weren't any in our battalion, I've been through all of that. Very few homosexuals were sighted in the war and if they surfaced they were out.

PLAYBOY: What about the former Victorian president of the RSL, Sir Colin Keon-Cohen. After his death it was revealed he was a long-time homosexual, and that news rocked you, didn't it?

RUXTON: There's a classic case, yeah, you're right. Yes, he was a homosexual, we knew it. In fact I think most of us thought that he wasn't anything, and consequently I was surprised to hear what happened at the end. However, he was different to everybody else. I don't suppose I would've called him a very close friend, but I supported him loyally, as a senior vice-president.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't he your mentor as such?

RUXTON: No, he was my predecessor. I don't know whether. . . he was never my mentor. I have my views on life and he had his views and I don't think they really coincided. I don't think they really coincided at all.

PLAYBOY: But there's an example of a man who both fought in the services and had a very distinguished career in the RSL, and who was a homosexual. More importantly, you never knew he was. Back in 1984 when Sir Colin died and his male lover came out of the closet, so to speak, I interviewed you and you said you had absolutely no idea of Sir Colin's sexual predilections although you did think he was a bit of a "loner".

RUXTON: I'll be honest — I didn't think he was a practising homosexual, he would've covered that up very carefully.

PLAYBOY: What I'm getting at is that his homosexuality never caused a problem during his war service, did it? Shortly before the revelations that he was a homosexual surfaced you caused a ruckus by saying that there were no gays in action during World War II because, as you said, "Soldiers in the infantry would smell a queer a hundred miles away." After you realised Sir Colin was gay, I asked you how soldiers like yourself failed to smell him from a hundred miles and you replied: "I must have had catarrh." But really, no one, including yourself, realised he was gay and it was never a bother?

RUXTON: Well, I don't know whether he was a homosexual during the war. I don't think he could've been, otherwise he would've been shifted out, shipped out smartly. Now I checked with my old colonel in my battalion, the 2nd 25th battalion. I got ridiculed over it but you've gotta remember when I was 20 years of age you wouldn't sight one in a hundred miles — a hundred years — but now they're everywhere.

PLAYBOY: I think what they're saying is that they've always been there but hidden.

RUXTON: Oh yes, I can see that. It's not a post-World War II phenomenon of course, but just the same there seems to be so many of them now, they just come out from everywhere.

PLAYBOY: Okay, getting back to black extremists like Mansell et al, you are also described in some parts of the press as an extremist. Does this bother you?

RUXTON: No, I'm not an extremist. Look, there's 12 contentious issues that the RSL gets mixed up in, and they've all been part of the memorandum and articles way back to 1916. Forget about Sir William Keys and what anyone else says, they're there — Home defence 1916; the anti-Bolshevik vote 1917; Immigration 1921. No land rights then for those founding fathers of the RSL, they'd think anyone had rocks between their ears to give Australia away.

So, if there's 12 contentious issues — and it's been proved, it's been researched by the man who wrote the history of the first 70 years of the RSL — if you put them out singly to a referendum, each issue singly, a public opinion poll — even the *Age* poll, the vast majority of Australians (and we're talking 75 percent) agree with the RSL.

It's Australianism: we're conveying community attitudes. You may not agree with any of them, you're one of 20, 25 percent. You may agree with 6, 5, 1 or 12, but putting them out one by one to a poll the overwhelming majority of Australians agree. Let's have a look: compulsory military service — 50 polls between 1939 and 1985; the mean: 78.5 percent of Australians believe there should be compulsory military service. If I issued a press release today, I would get bucketed: sabre-rattling Colonel Blimp etc, etc. Immigration — every time there's a poll — multiculturalism, land rights, etc, the heritage, the republic — *The Australian* ran a poll about Australia being a republic by the year 2000; it came out 70 percent against. Look at the flag changes — every time there's a poll on a flag, there's egg on their face. No. If you want to keep the Australian identity, and if you're loyal to the crown, and if you believe in Australia and its defence, you're a radical. That's what the problem is.

PLAYBOY: So you're not a radical?

RUXTON: No, I believe I'm just an ordinary Australian. I really believe it. Very ordinary.

PLAYBOY: What about Archbishop Tutu, would he agree with that?

RUXTON: Well, don't you think everyone's got egg over their face over Archbishop Tutu? Everything I said, it's been coming out every week — there was an announcement about his supporting violence, supporting that little black thug Tambo. And that's all he is — a thug; controls the largest terrorist organisation on earth, the African National Congress, which would pale the IRA, the PLO or the Red Guard. They're angels compared to what the ANC does. Of 28 of the national executive, 21 are devout communists, true, card-carrying communists. All he's doing, he's using apartheid as a vehicle to a one-party, marxist government — and a black, thug, marxist government at the southern end of the African continent. And that's sad.

PLAYBOY: Do you regret that incident with. . .

RUXTON: I certainly do not, and should he come here again, I'd find something else for him.

PLAYBOY: I was talking about when those two black guys came to your office, causing you to become physical.

RUXTON: Yeah, well let's have a look at that: I'm bully Ruxton — big, bad, bully Bruce remember. . . one's 6 foot 4, 5 foot across the shoulders, about 17 stone and about 30 years of age. The other one's not quite as high: he's only 6 feet tall, and I'm twice their age, over twice their age, and there's two of them, and I'm the bully. I mean, Christ Almighty, if they'd gone on another five minutes, you

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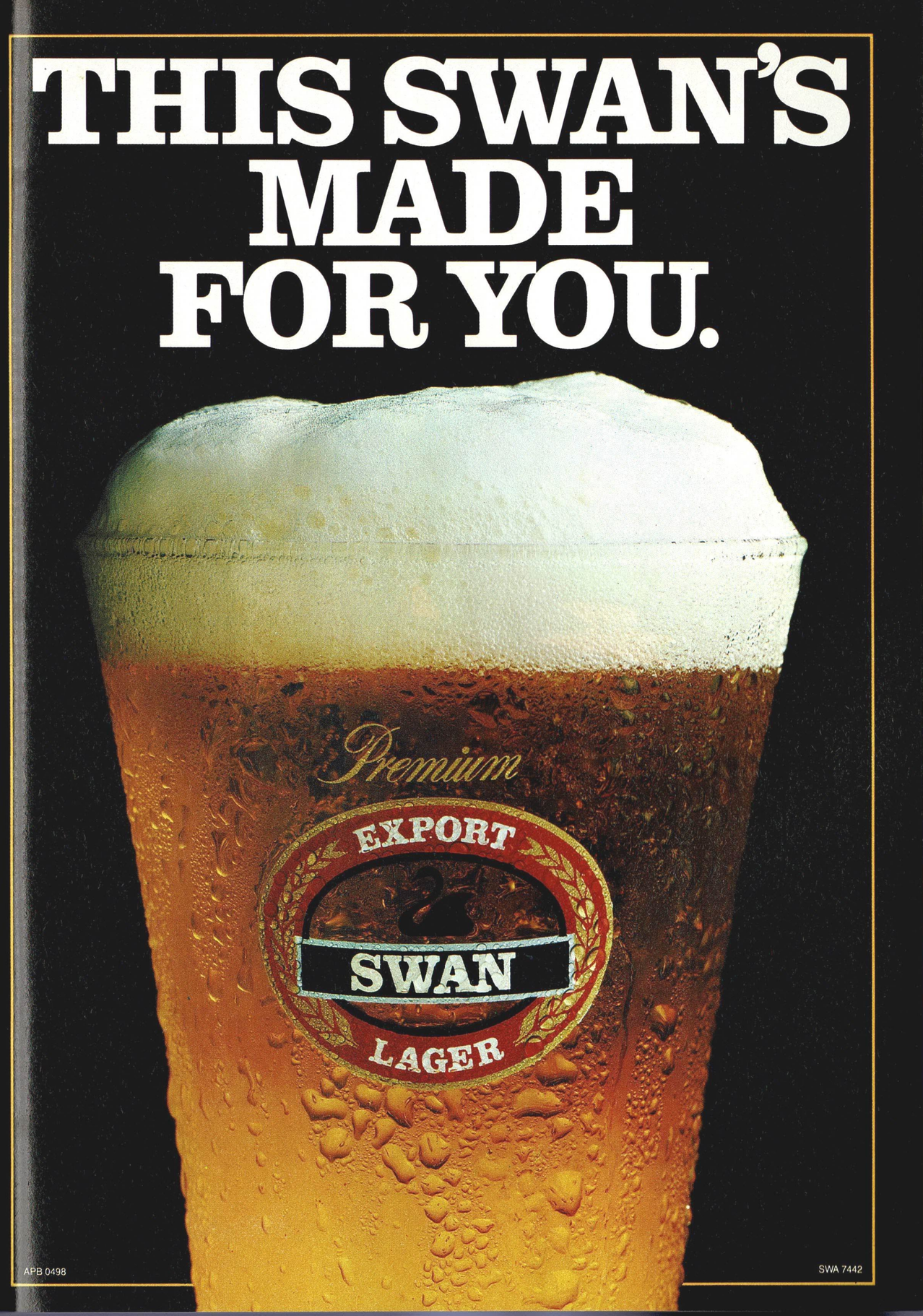

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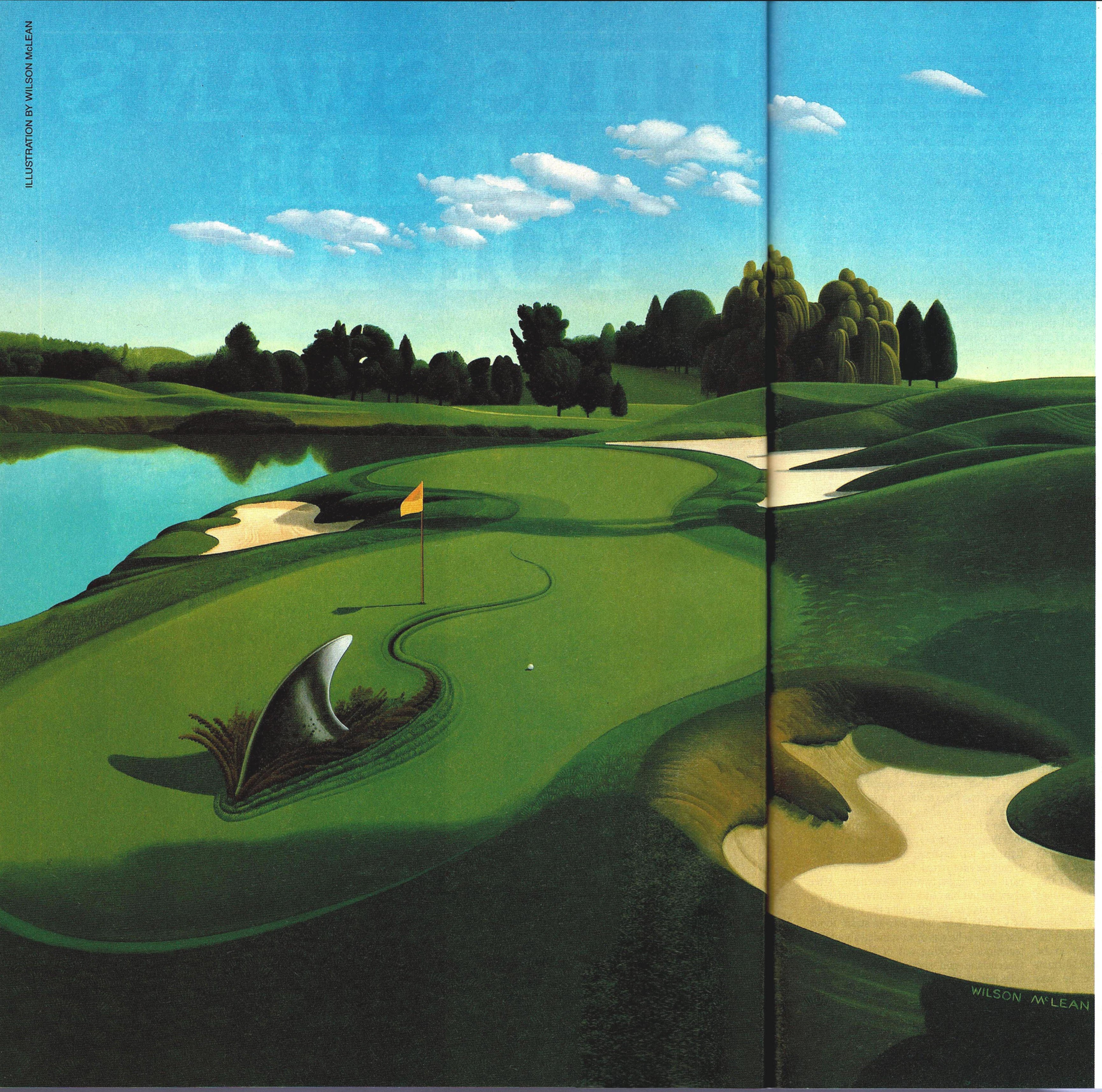

SHARK ATTACK

Watch out! Golfing great Greg Norman wants to prove he's the all-time master by eating up the opposition at the Masters.

Report by **CHRIS HODENFIELD**

GREG NORMAN IS consumed by the hungers. Whatever he wants, he wants it badly. Whatever he does, he does it full-force.

If it is a friendly round of golf with his cronies — just a good ol' bunch of salesmen, duffers and hacks — Norman is still grinding away with his power-house specialty act that screams past your head like a flaming parrot. When you total up the damage, you see he's thrown a 62 at you.

If he says come on, follow him out to the house for a beer, you will find yourself involved in a hell-for-leather Mad Max chase scene down some back-woods Florida two-lane, muscling cars out of the way like a moonshiner shaking off revenuers.

Modern golf is not overburdened with such swash-bucklers. Norman, "the Great White Shark," is, first, one of the few professional golfers who actually appears to be a full-blooded athlete. Impressively wide shoulders, narrow waist, muscular poise. Long angular face framed by the platinum-white surf-Nazi hair. Even among the monotonous bronzed perfection of modern American golf, the sight of Norman's unconscionably long and straight drives, taking divots that should slow the earth's rotation, has been worthy of note and held breath.

He has worked his way into the public consciousness with outsized images of victory and loss. Yes, even his defeats have been titanic, unforgettable

curtain scenes. He spent the year 1986 riding a very high wave, becoming, according to the global Sony rankings, the best in the world. Then the wave broke. He was thrust into eternal golf lore at the 1986 PGA Championship when, at the very last hole, his opponent Bob Tway sank a sandblast shot and transformed leader Norman into an instant goat. But Norman could laugh about it. He'd already won the British Open, and he'd go on to win the most money on the PGA Tour, along with eight international titles. The man who had held the lead in all four majors now planned to win them all.

Then the floor fell away at the 1987 Masters. The Masters has been his obsession. Before he ever set foot on the course, he had it memorised when, as a kid in Australia, he played hundreds of rounds on it in his imagination. The '86 Masters he lost when he caved in along with everyone else to the historic charge of the lion in winter, Jack Nicklaus.

Norman's tragedy happened at the second hole of the sudden-death playoff. He had already shaken off Seve Ballesteros. Now he faced Larry Mize, a mild-mannered Georgia golfer who was famous for collapsing in playoffs. Norman was safely on the green facing a long birdie putt. Mize stood in the semi-rough, 45 metres away from the pin. His chip skated on the rise, rolled down a sloping putting green that was slick as an ice floe, and dropped. Another not-in-a-million-years shot.

This time the Shark was gutted. Having had his pocket picked twice, Norman went through a barren, winless year looking over his shoulder, mentally clutching his wallet.

It was this troubled and overtalented man I found in Orlando, Florida, one sweltering summer day. His comeback triumph in the Australian Open (which he won by a record 10 strokes) was still some way down the track. By the middle of 1987 he had dropped off the Tour for a while to get a spiritual rebuild. He beat balls all day, and in such coolie labor found strength. He needed to turn himself into a machine.

●

Every 24 seconds, Greg Norman let loose. He would stare impassively downrange, tap another ball into place, tighten his glove, settle his massive legs into position and gather himself. "All right," he'd mutter, "here's the 15th at Augusta."

He rotated around purposefully until his driver was over his head, and then in a compressed lunge his wide shoulders swivelled swiftly and the clubhead flashed past and cracked the ball 250 booming metres downfield. He drove so hard into the ball that his cleated right foot dragged forward a few inches. He finished balanced on his left foot.

Clubhead speed for such a drive is about 190 km/h. Achieving any kind of accuracy with such a mighty strike is akin to flicking out a lady's cigarette with a bullwhip. But his drives were straight enough. He worked generally on the fine points of trajectory. A fine-looking blast that rose three metres too high was for him a failure.

In the distance, the practice green was clogged white with balls. His progress up the fairway, working his way through 9-irons, 6-irons and 4-irons, was marked by a chain of divots, each the size of a manhole cover.

Almost three hours' work brought him to the 200 metre mark. He pulled out the 2-iron and practised his "quail-high" shots. "Here's a Scottish shot," he said. "Let's see how low I can get this." He positioned his hands forward and belted a low line drive that hugged the earth for about 160m. Then it rose and gently dropped to earth.

This favored practice ground was the Grand Cypress resort, cut out of the central Florida woods. Near Disney World, it's a fantasyland for golfers, complete with old Belgian rail cars rolling past and all that whimsical ostentation associated with Hyatt hotels. The Jack Nicklaus-designed golf course is a wee bit o' Scotland, with terraces and sealinks swales, rolling mounds and shooting-grass rough, with picturesque waterways skimmed by long-necked herons.

Around Charlie Earp Norman slipped back into Strine. "I'm stiffer than a honeymooner's prick," he'd say. "No wucking furry," Earp would reply .

The vast practice grounds include a three-hole course, which makes it the perfect happy hunting ground for a dozen Tour pros who live in Orlando. If you're not bumping into Nick Price there, it's Payne Stewart or Brad Faxon, all in comfy clothes, beating balls. But in the absence of Emperor Nicklaus, Norman is the local matinee idol, the one who parks the black Rolls-Royce Corniche under the clubhouse awning, the one who slaps backs and picks up the tab and makes grand gestures. The White Shark is the only one who can easily be spotted from a half-mile away.

Out on the field, however, he stays locked up in a solitary force field. As I watched, the only person to really enter into his private world of practice was a short, wiry man of 49 named Charlie Earp. The head professional at Royal Queensland golf club in Brisbane, he was the one who built the teenage Norman's game. And now he was here to cast his eye over Norman and say a good word. With his tight-lipped, rapid-fire ockerisms, Earp's every third word seemed to be "bloody," and he bloody well told Norman to bloody slow down because he was swinging like a bloody fan.

While Norman usually speaks in a flat Americanised accent, around Earp he slipped back into Strine. "Christ," he'd say, stretching his shoulders, "I'm stiffer than a honeymooner's prick."

"No wucking furry," Earp would reply.

Norman hit only 20 or so full drives, but then he spent an hour practising short chips on to the green. "Watch," he said quietly. "Here's a Larry Mize." From behind a grassy mound he duplicated the tricky little chip that defeated him at the Masters. Norman's chip narrowly missed the hole. He regarded it and said tonelessly: "Every shot makes somebody happy."

Around the Norman house, Mize's miracle was simply called "The Chip". It was spoken of the way another family will refer to "The Crash" or "The Operation". His wife Laura finally compared it to a death in the family: "He tried *not* to deal with it and say, 'That's golf, that's what happens.' But it's hard. You go to sleep thinking, 'My God, I could have been the Masters champion. How could that have happened?' You can't help going over it."

Watching Norman practise his Larry Mize chips, Charlie Earp put some comfort into his voice. "Next time," he said reassuringly, "it'll be your turn to do it to somebody else."

Silently, almost machine-like, Norman took his Wilson 8802 putter and went to work. Earp advised him that he wasn't setting up with his shoulders squared to the target. For Norman, the news came as a revelation.

"When he was a kid," Earp said in a low voice on the sidelines, "I had to bar him from the bloody course. He practised so much it looked like bloody pigs had been rooting up the fairways."

His mother Toini, a small woman of Finnish extraction, was an avid golfer — so avid that she played the game even while pregnant with her son. She was a natural and played to a handicap of three. The son did not pick up a club until 1970, at the relatively late age of 15, when he caddied a round for his mum. He immediately thereafter borrowed her clubs and played a round. Suddenly, the beach bum acquired the will of a Foreign Legion sergeant on a forced march in golf's desert.

His mother gave him two books by Jack Nicklaus, *Golf My Way* and *55 Ways To Play Golf*. His handicap was established at 27. It took just two years to drive it down to scratch. After another year he won the Queensland Junior championship, and earned an entry into the Australian Open. He was in a close fight for top amateur placement when an errant tee shot struck his own caddie's bag-cart, incurring a two-stroke penalty. After chewing out his caddie, he burst into tears.

Turning pro, he fell under the tutorial eye of Charlie Earp, who was as strict about discipline as he was open-minded about golf technique. Working out of Earp's Royal Queensland golf shop, Norman began a schedule that had him out of bed by 4am so he could practise at the break of dawn, and he would be turning out the lights at the driving range at 11pm.

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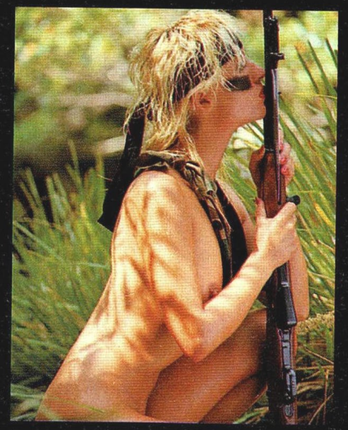
"They're not tits. They're pecs."

Present Arms!

Marvellous Maree wants to be an army captain — so she can make privates stand to attention.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL NOLAN



Model Maree Marquiss joined the army so she could learn how to storm beaches, but when this English lovely landed at Bondi Beach she caused a storm. The local layabouts couldn't believe their eyes when Maree did her vigorous daily workout, but to Maree physical fitness is all-important because it gives her the edge, whether she's making love or war.

Maree's been physical since childhood — as a young girl she roamed the woodlands near her home in Wiltshire, but while other girls were playing with dolls, Maree got right down to business and went "rabbitin'."

She still hunts the odd rabbit, but has gone on to bigger things. Fox-hunting cures her bloodlust and she loves "blood off the tail" parties at the local pub after a successful hunt. Her idea of a "smashing time" is to cover her cheeks with the blood from the tail of the first fox killed.

Maree's penchant for real action was fully satisfied when she joined the army. She's a "warm, round and cuddly," male army parlance for the WRAC (Women's Royal Army Corps), and some of her favorite army pastimes are driving tanks and fork-lifts, and toting a sub-machine-gun. Ask her if she knows the difference between a bloke's rifle and his gun, and she'll give you a knowing wink.

Maree mixed her army life with a career in modelling, but now the wide open spaces of Australia are beckoning. She's already made one quick recce of our hunting grounds and she liked what she saw.

She wants to migrate to Australia and her main ambition is to join the army and rise to the rank of captain. Of course she wants to meet some of these "real Aussie blokes" she's been hearing all about.

She's ready for action, and she's ready for fun, so guys, by the left, quick march!

THE DAY THE YUPPIES DIED

It's no bull: the stock-market crash of '87 hit yuppies hard. John Spooner reports how the Perrier generation is now drinking tap-water.

IT IS A TIME for philosophy. Whenever there is a crisis I call upon people who know history, who can perhaps see a light at the end of the tunnel and convince me that it isn't a freight train. Such a person is Henry The Red, whose nickname comes from the color of his former hair and who for many years has been in the maternity dress business. The motto of his company is "You knock 'em up, we frock 'em up." The business virtually runs itself, allowing Henry The Red to read books, indulge his hobbies and comment on the passing scene.

"The market crash is part of adult life," he tells me. "And all of adult life is a process of preparing us for death. Each ache and pain, each whack we take in business or in our personal lives, gets us used to the idea that the end may not be so bad."

"Jesus, that's depressing, Henry," I say.

"We are entering a period," he continues, "when, like it or not, honesty will be everything. People are going to be comparing their losses instead of trumpeting their triumphs in real estate or the amount they overpaid for a Lloyd Rees painting. When I was going off to university," he goes on, "the last of four children, I said to my father, 'Well, dad, all of your kids are out of the house. You're finally going to be set free.'

" 'On the contrary,' my father said. 'My troubles are only just beginning.'

"That was smart," says Red Henry, "and I think capitalism is in for some troubles ahead. Know what the crash really means?"

"Tell me."

"It means that the easy money is finished; it's been made, in real estate, art and shares. The wipe-out of billions of dollars in value means that in the foreseeable future we are going to have to work our arses off. Hard work is going to be the motto for the 1990s."

Bernard Baruch was once asked, "How much money do you need to retire?"

Baruch answered, "A little more."

I manage money for over a thousand people, from all over, from board chairmen to taxi drivers, from dentists to ASIO agents. All of them checked in after the stock market's implosion to ask about their money, their future, and also to ask about the state of my health. "How have you been sleeping?" inquired a TV producer.

"I'm sleeping just like a baby," I told him. "Every two hours I wake up and cry."

At the end of October, the time of the crash, only 10 percent of Australians owned shares directly. But if you think that you're not going to be affected by the crash because you don't own stocks you are wrong. It will affect all of us in varying degrees. The worst affected will be the people who believed that good times would roll forever and borrowed to live for today.

I know a stockbroker who has been called "Mickey The Wise Guy" since high school. Mickey represents the kind of person who was destroyed by the crash. He lived for the commission in the investment business, not for the clients, and he practised what he preached; gearing was his middle name. He borrowed money in high school to buy clothes: the tightest of pants, the bluest of suede shoes. And he hustled pool to pay the loans back, except for loans from girls who he usually jilted or kept stringing along until they left school and went to university and never saw Mickey again. A real sweetheart, even though he did have the finest brushback haircut in town.

Mickey went where the easy money was and, in 1983, he became a stockbroker, marking up his commission on government bonds to criminal levels for widows. He cold-called gullible doctors and lawyers at dinner-time to sell specialised products such as movie syndications, storage centres, commodity strategy funds and options on anything from gold to IBM. Options tend to be brokers' dreams and customers' nightmares.

Mickey played the market himself, heavily into options on the share price index futures market, heavily into low price stocks on margin. Mickey also bought everything else in his life on margin: a Jaguar, a beach house, a 4WD for off-road picnics, an apartment in town, a fur coat for his wife, private schools for his kids, the wise guy's dream.

Even while making $700,000 a year in commissions, Mickey would deliberately send the mortgage cheque on the beach house to the finance company holding the paper on his car loans and vice versa, just to pick up the float.

I saw Mickey in the men's room of a restaurant recently. He was locked into his own image in the mirror, combing his hair into a brushback, endlessly combing. Everything had been sold out from under him. "They say that the '80s is like the '50s," Mickey repeated to me tonelessly. "It's not like the '50s. My pants aren't drainpipes. My killer smile is gone. I can't skip on my loans from the girls." I left him there trying to recapture his brushback.

If the easy money has been made and now unmade, and if we all must get back to the work ethic that made capitalism, what also is necessary more than ever is a plan. I suggest a three-pronged program, either to initiate a financial scheme or to rebuild from the rubble.

A) Reconstruct by buying government bonds. These double your money in less than eight years and are an ideal way for some investors to get back in the game with virtually no risk. Some high-grade government bonds have an even higher yield and may be appropriate.

B) Make a small list of several blue chip companies, such as BHP, Pacific Dunlop, a bank, Coles Myer. Dollar cost averaging over a several year period will provide, in my opinion, a significant positive return, and you have the chance to initiate buys in companies at major discounts from their highs. Patience in this strategy is the key, as it always is when you are serious about your money.

C) Compile, or have your *new* stockbroker

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ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT GIUSTI

PLAYBOY'S AUSSIE RULES PREDICTIONS

Garrie Hutchinson presents our forecasts for the season.

THINGS HAVEN'T ALTERED all that much in football in the past hundred years, let alone last season. Carlton won the flag in 1987 — they also won it in 1887. There have been a few important changes, but as they say, the more things change the more they stay the same. For a start the premiership of 1887 was won in the Victorian Football Association, a Victoria-wide competition based in Melbourne. The 1987 flag was won in the Victorian Football League, an Australia-wide competition based in Melbourne.

Costs such as player payments, transfer fees, footballs, jumpers, tram fares and the like have gone up a bit. If the 1887 flag cost the club more than £200 it would be surprising; if the 1987 version came in at much under $4 million that would be equally surprising.

A few of the less important rules have changed and this pre-season saw the test of some new ideas. Bouncing the ball every 10 metres, kicking the ball after a free kick, a 50 metre penalty for deliberately wasting time, and requiring full backs to kick more than two metres.

Time will tell whether these adjustments are the proper ones, or are insufficient in the face of a game which, for all its apparent unchangeability, is continually on the move. In 1887 high marking was just being invented by Essendon's Charlie "Commotion" Pearson; now we're trying to get it back in the game, because despite the extraordinary leaps of the likes of Warwick Capper, the "screamer" is a rare commodity.

The national competition was reasonably successful in its first year. No one died, teams turned up at the appointed venues and none of the "foreign" teams actually won the flag, which means that the threat of the unbeatable home ground advantage of the Eagles was greatly exaggerated, even if it was still as important as jet lag to the teams flying there. The Eagles were a formidable team at home, but sparrows interstate, although they did much better than any other first year team in the VFL.

They also suffered under a number of restrictions, in the players they could choose from, and from

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY OF ALL-SPORT

having to travel further and more often than any other team. They unearthed some very good players, and if they could play the same sort of team as the West Australian State of Origin team they'd be odds-on for the '88 flag.

It was the fans in Perth who saved the VFL's overall attendance figures from a more obvious slump. Crowds in Melbourne dropped during the season, and during the finals. The Grand Final attendance of under 93,000 was an embarrassment to scalper and official alike.

Travelling distance didn't affect any team flying to Brisbane, or rather into the traffic jam of the Gold Coast at Carrara, for games against the Bears. It certainly affected the spectators, because attendances at Bears home games were lamentable. It is pretty obvious that Brisbane games ought to be played in Brisbane, where the fans are, and it's inevitable that they will be this season or next. Much of the fate of the national experiment seems to rest here.

The overabundance of live games on television had something to do with the apparent decline in interest in the game. Some weeks all there was to do was turn to the ABC and watch another game of footy — Friday nights, Saturday replay, Sunday afternoon and sometimes Monday night as well. Not to mention the night competition. This year the night competition is already over and done with, thank goodness, and the real thing doesn't start until a reasonable month — like this one, April, when the possibility of a clash with cricket practice is well and truly over.

The television rights are back with Seven rather than with the ABC. A season watching someone else do it, as well as the cleaning of some of the lovable but anachronistic personnel, might help Seven do the football better this time around. Apart from the inevitable addition of commercials, we can only hope the old feverish style of calling the games will die out.

One semi-random spanner the 14-team national competition has thrown into the works is the draw. Since 1970 every team has played every other team twice. Now we have a return of the older situation where some years your team plays the team you hate most once. It's supposed to balance out over three seasons, but premierships are only won one season at a time. This unbalanced draw naturally leads to some easier years than others for some teams, and changes in relative fearfulness as different teams rise and fall. Carlton a couple of seasons ago would have been over the moon to discover that this season they only play Essendon, Hawthorn and Footscray once. This season they might regret having Melbourne and St Kilda twice. Melbourne might prefer not to have Carlton, Hawthorn and Sydney twice in the season they hope to consolidate last year's success.

But the draw is always like that — seemingly unfair to some. St Kilda who have Hawthorn and Essendon to face at VFL Park in the last two games when they might be looking towards the Finals might have other ideas then.

THIS YEAR'S PREDICTIONS

I ought to preface this by saying a) funny game, football, and b) that it's hard enough to pick the winners of Saturday's games the night before, let alone the results of the competition months before.

But last year I did get the winner right, Carlton, and also predicted the rise of St Kilda. I got just about everything else wrong.

This year I've jumped on a couple of new bandwagons, stayed with others and dumped a couple of warhorses for a spell in the back paddock.

The Ladder at the end of season '88:

1. Carlton	8. Footscray
2. Melbourne	9. Essendon
3. St Kilda	10. Fitzroy
4. West Coast	11. Geelong
5. Sydney	12. Collingwood
6. Hawthorn	13. Brisbane
7. Nth Melbourne	14. Richmond

THE FINALS

The Elimination Final sees Sydney out, putting coach Hafey's job on the line yet again. Melbourne's bandwagon rolls over a gallant St Kilda. Next week the Saints revive like Lazarus to knock out the Eagles, while Carlton, on top all year, win through to their third Grand Final in a row by dealing with the Demons. This leaves the Preliminary Final as the one all Melbourne turns out for — Melbourne v St Kilda for a rare game for either side on the last Saturday in September. In the end it is Melbourne's conviction and the memory of the same game in '87 that sees them just win. But the effort is too much and they are easily accounted for in the big one by Carlton.

THE BROWNLOW

Predicting this one in the face of adversity in form and injury is pretty hopeless, but this year I fancy that there will be a bit of a battle between Dermott Brereton and last year's co-winner John Platten at Hawthorn, the other co-winner St Kilda's Tony Lockett and team-mate Nicky Winmar, evergreen Ross Glendinning from the Eagles, Carlton's South Australians Craig Bradley and Stephen Kernahan, Sydney's Greg Williams, North's Matt Larkin, Footscray's rovers Brian Royal and Tony McGuiness, and Fitzroy's gentlemen Paul Roos and Gary Pert — as long as none of them fall in a hole or under the surgeon's knife in training, as happened last season.

If put under torture I would narrow it down to proven vote winners and consistent players Royal, Bradley, Platten and Williams — and if I really had to pick a winner, I'd go for Brian Royal.

THE TEAMS

BRISBANE BEARS

The Bears were fortunate not to finish their first season in the VFL with an initial trophy for the brand new mantelpiece — the wooden spoon. Luckily for the Bears the Tigers fell into the pit. Despite their lucky escape the Bears played some of the worst football in the league at their spacious but rural oval at Carrara on the Gold Coast. Coach Peter Knights was often seen in his box in grim despair at what he saw. Luckily there were few spectators there with him.

The 1988 recruits might change that. The Bears will certainly be stronger with former Bomber strongman Roger Merrett at centre half back, or centre half forward. Both positions were noticeably lacking in personnel in 1987 — particularly on the forward line where the lamentable and erratic Jim Edmond contributed very little.
PREDICTION: They can't play any worse this season. On the other hand, even half a dozen top recruits aren't going to make that much difference. 13th.

CARLTON

Throughout 1987 Carlton hardly put a boot wrong, winning some games by heaps, falling into wins by a point like good teams should, never giving up, finishing on top of the ladder, then winning both reserves and firsts premierships, and the McClelland Trophy, all as if they really were the champion team.

But all through the season and during and after the finals there were legions of knockers saying that the Blues were lucky to win the close ones, lucky to finish on top (that kick after the siren in the last game against North), lucky to have poor, tired old Hawthorn play four games in a row, the last one on the hottest Grand Final day ever, etc.

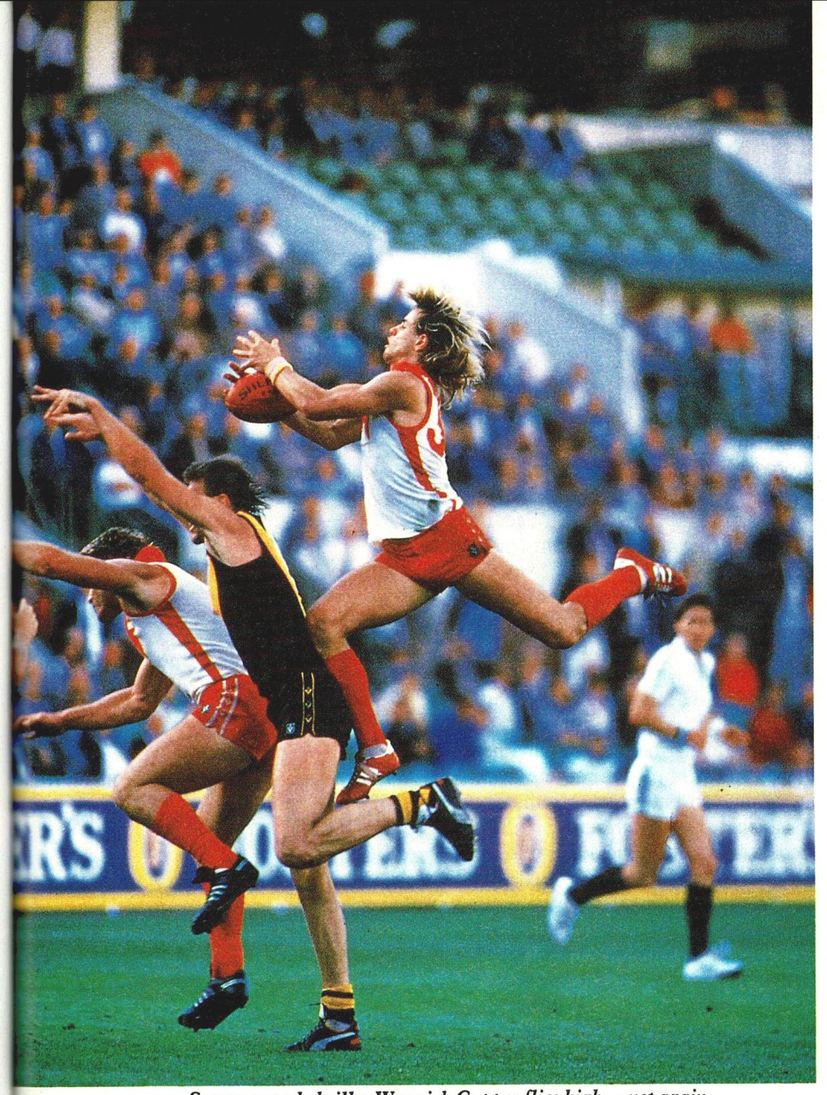
But premierships are won by teams who make their own luck through having 48 good players with some match-winners thrown in, properly prepared for a whole season's eventualities, including being able to take whatever physical and mental aggravation is thrown at them, and who never stop playing till the final siren has sounded.
PREDICTION: Another flag to add to the 15 already in the locker.

COLLINGWOOD

Times have been tough for what used to be the most famous club in Australia. The Magpies won't win the flag in 1988, which makes it an eternity since their last one — 30 years in fact, back in 1958. In that time they've lost 7 Grand Finals, and come third another five times. Last year's 12th was the worst performance since the wooden spoon year of 1976, that led to Tom Hafey's arrival the following season.

Trouble is that, where Hafey could get something extra out of inferior teams, the teams current coach Leigh Matthews has to cope with are just ordinary, mostly bereft in 1987 through injury of the stars like Peter Daicos who could illuminate the team.

Brian Taylor had an irritating year at full forward and kicked 40 fewer goals. Father Time seems to have caught up with David Cloke and Tony Shaw. It's hard, even with the best will in the world, and the patience of coach Matthews, plus a few recruits, to imagine Collingwood doing much more than holding their own.
PREDICTION: 12th, but I could be wrong. I was last year, tipping them just out of the five. I'm off the bandwagon.



Swans crowd-thriller Warwick Capper flies high — yet again.

ESSENDON

Look down the line-up of a typical 1987 Essendon team, and the names were still there, names which struck fear into the hearts and minds of opponents and opposing barrackers in what some enthusiasts had said was the best team ever to play football — in 1984 and 1985. In 1986 the names could only manage fifth spot and a quick exit from the finals, and in 1987 an even more dismal ninth.

There were some good wins and near wins in '87, mixed in with some tremendous batterings, which demonstrated that the problem wasn't so much the physical prowess of the team but those elusive substances, confidence, heart, commitment. The game against the Eagles in Perth where the Fish flew, the extremely unlucky one point loss to eventual premiers Carlton, have to be matched against a slaughter at the talons of the Hawks, and an absolutely disgraceful 163 point loss to Sydney.

It really seems that the sort of post-success lethargy that descends like a cloud of gas over top teams has visited Essendon. It happened to Richmond, to Carlton and possibly soon will to Hawthorn. The only cure is time, and new talent.
PREDICTION: Another year much the same as the last: ninth.

FITZROY

Last year the emotion that kept the football side of things afloat dropped a notch or two. After a reasonable first half of the season, the Lions faded away to finish a disappointing 11th. Coach David Parkin wondered aloud whether it was time for him to go. Great defender (and our Brownlow tip) Gary Pert missed most of the season, the equally splendid Paul Roos had a modest season by his standards, and the forward line was hot when Richard Osborne and Doug Barwick were hot, but cold when they were not.

In the end most other teams were stronger, more skilful all over the ground and more committed to systematic football than was Fitzroy. Money is still a problem, there doesn't seem to have been a spectacular recruiting drive. The biggest hope is that, with some stability in the club, especially on its home ground, the old team spirit might return.
PREDICTION: Hard to see much more than the lower-middle rank of teams. Could finish anywhere from seventh to 11th: tenth.

FOOTSCRAY

It was no surprise to the battlers out in the Western Suburbs to turn up to see Footscray in round 22 last season. All they had to do was beat Melbourne in that game on their own paddock, and they would have been in the finals. But, as is often the case, it didn't happen, the Dogs finished a game outside the five, and Melbourne went on to greater things.

Even that elevated position looked unlikely after Footscray had lost the first three games by 59, 108 and 87 points to Essendon, Sydney and Carlton. The wooden spoon beckoned. But then the Dogs hit back to beat Hawthorn, and claw their way back up the ladder.

It's a pretty good looking side, especially if they can put a few more games together at home. However, it still feels like a team which can win against the top teams only when inspired or when weather conditions are particularly weird — a team of the second rank.
PREDICTION: They'll fight for fifth spot again, but finish eighth.

GEELONG

What a team Geelong might have been if it hadn't shot itself in the foot at the end of 1985, getting rid of coach Tom Hafey and players of weird genius like Greg Williams and Bernard Toohey. Internal ructions in 1987 didn't help but, when you get down to it, they would have been in the finals if they hadn't found a way to lose the last game of the season to Hawthorn, and twice to the Bears.

On their day, or night, with the erratic genius of Gary Ablett at work, Geelong could beat anyone. Ablett's performance in the night game against Carlton last season had to be seen to be believed.

But there's always been something soft at the centre when it comes to winning hard

(continued on page 94)

Is gung-ho Contragate loudmouth Oliver North a true hero — or just an A-grade bullshit artist? Ex-marine Asa Baber investigates.

Ollie, we hardly knew ya

THROUGHOUT 1987, AUSTRALIA watched in bemusement as its great and powerful ally indulged in an orgy of self-laceration. The Contragate Affair, or the Iran-Contra hearings as they were more officially known, put the United States through an ordeal by fire concerning secret deals in which arms were sold to America's sworn enemy, Iran, in return for funds for right-wing guerrillas dedicated to the overthrow of the Sandinista government of Nicaragua.

But while major figures like CIA chief William Casey and the National Security Council's Admiral Poindexter fished around for ambivalent answers, one comparatively minor NSC staffer, Lieutenant-Colonel Oliver North of the Marine Corps, seemed to relish the chance to stand up and be counted. Resplendent in his marine uniform, he confessed proudly to having lied in his country's best interests as he saw them. Such apparently steadfast loyalty to President Reagan, who professed to know nothing of the affair, quickly raised him to hero status in the eyes of Middle America.

So who was this shadowy figure who was suddenly thrust into the limelight? Born in 1943 in Texas, North attended the United States Naval Academy, and accepted a commission in the Marine Corps, after which he saw service in Vietnam from December 1968 to August 1969. He served with some distinction as a platoon commander in South Vietnam, winning both the Silver and Bronze Stars. Then from 1969 to 1973 he served as an instructor at the Marine Corps' tough basic school, being promoted to captain, after which he was sent to Okinawa as officer in charge of the jungle warfare school.

Here, he apparently cracked up, threatened suicide and was hospitalised with ''battle stress''. But having survived this setback he did four years at Marine Corps HQ, Washington, was promoted to major, and attended the Naval War College. Finally, in 1981, he was assigned to the National Security Council, being made lieutenant-colonel in 1983.

Those are the bare bones of North's career, a career which has served as a basic structure on which he has been able to build an image of a white knight dedicated to the selfless defence of truth, justice and the American way. But according to marines who should know, there is a world of difference between true North and magnetic North. They insist that North presented inflated credentials in the grand 1980s tradition of the fictional resumé and the exaggerated autobiography. Men in the public eye such as Gary Hart and Joe Biden have all been charged with creating their own myths on paper, editing their lives, inventing themselves, fictionalising their exploits. North, to some, is also a man who has played loose with biographical truth, who has orchestrated some significant elaborations about his own history.

''Ollie came over to the NSC staff in 1982,'' says a man I'll call Max, a professional intelligence officer who is still active in some of the most difficult assignments available. It is part of Max's job to keep a close watch on the world's more dangerous characters. Put it like this: Max is as tough as they come, and he has been down some alleys that Ollie North has only dreamed about. A Vietnam veteran himself, Max speaks in controlled, mildly shocked tones about a man he knows well. Ironically, we are sitting in Lafayette Park directly across from the old Executive Office Building, the home of the National Security Council.

''In 1983 North wrote a single-page biography about himself,'' Max says. ''They've withdrawn it since then, but you should see it. It's pure Ollie North and it's also pure bullshit. He writes he 'participated in both conventional and

ILLUSTRATION BY ANITA KUNZ

unconventional warfare operations in South-East Asia'. He's putting that down in print. It's supposed to hint that he was playing Green Beret on the Ho Chi Minh Trail or that he was doing cross-border operations into Laos and Cambodia. He used to tell people those war stories, you know. But here he's submitting them as truth in an autobiographical document for the NSC. And that 'unconventional warfare operations' stuff is bullshit. Ollie North was an 03, an infantry officer in a line company, nothing more, nothing less.

"Look at the rest of this biography. When we got this piece of paper at the NSC we laughed and laughed. '... Major North is responsible for national level contingency planning, crisis management and counter-terrorism'. Do you suppose any of the rest of us on the NSC had any responsibilities? Was he really in charge of all that as he claims? No way, Jose. You still reading? '...he has organised and directed combined operations with more than a dozen of our allies'. This is dated September 1983, he's been on the staff two years at this time, and he's directing combined operations with our allies? Sounds like Grade A bullshit to me. Ollie's writing a novel here. He's claiming primary responsibility in areas where he was nothing special, just another go-fer.

"This whole damned bio sheet is suspect. He says he chairs a special committee. He chaired it for a week or so. He says he got awards for 'academic achievement' when he graduated from Annapolis. That's possibly the most deceptive statement in here. He was nowhere near the top of his class academically. He says he 'has published works in various military journals'. Where are they? We can't find them."

Max hands the sheet of paper to me with a chuckle. It is autumn in Washington, still hot and muggy, and as I read North's description of himself I think of the years he worked in the building I can see from where I am sitting.

"You want to know what we think of Ollie at the NSC?" Max asks. "We think he's the ultimate self-promoter. He's out there blowing his own bugle, baby. Full blast. All the time. And here he is, in print, for the record, jiving us as per usual."

We sit for a time without talking. Max fidgets, stands up to leave, sits down again.

"One more thing. It may seem small, but it really has a lot to do with how America looks at this guy. Oliver North *never* wore his uniform to work while he was with the NSC. Not for five years. Not until the day he was fired.

" He wore civilian clothes at all times. I've often wondered how his testimony would've gone down if he'd been sitting there in front of the Iran-Contra Committee in a three-piece suit. You know how many marines hated to see him up there in that uniform? He dragged the Corps into the scandal and he successfully exploited the image. But he wasn't working for the Marine Corps when he did all that slick NSC stuff. So he should've left the Corps out of it."

This is the one theme I heard more than any other from the marines who had worked with Oliver North. They were frustrated with their powerlessness to correct the image he had projected of a marine officer, in uniform, admitting to lying, shredding, deceiving. Even Max, cynical and wordly-wise, voiced that view.

"I worked with Ollie practically every day of the year for five years. I've seen him kiss ass like a choirboy and I've seen him buddy up to admirals and generals on a first-name basis.

"I've heard Fawn Hall call him an asshole when he got too stuck on himself. I've been on secret trips with North where I was embarrassed to be with him, he was so standoffish and undiplomatic."

I ask a question that has bothered me for a long time: "How did a man with some fairly erratic behavior in his past gain entrance to an agency as vital and important as the National Security Council?"

Max smiles. "If you understood Ollie's history at the NSC it might help put him in perspective. Ollie was at the Naval War College in 1980. That's a one-year stint but he made the most of it. He wrote a paper about the recommissioning of World War II battleships. Why did he choose that subject? Well, it might be more than a coincidence that the recommissioning of World War II battleships just happened to be the pet project of the new Secretary of the Navy at the time, John Lehman. And it might be more than a coincidence that somebody saw to it that Ollie's paper ended up on John Lehman's desk. Ollie and Lehman got to be buddies, and Lehman had a lot to do with North's NSC appointment.

"You want to know what we think of Ollie at NSC?" Max asks. "We think he's the ultimate self-promoter. He's out there blowing his own bugle, baby."

"When Ollie got to the NSC he was basically an easel-carrier. He helped set up exhibits and carry briefcases when senior officers went up to Capitol Hill to testify. Luckily for Ollie, the Reagan administration was in the process of making the NSC its secret operational arm in all sorts of crises. Ollie was in the right place at the right time, made himself noticed by working nights and weekends, became indispensable in small ways that started to grow as the NSC grew.

"The Reagan administration was saying, 'We're looking for a few good cowboys,' and Ollie was saying, 'I just happen to have my horse with me.' And when Ollie and Bill Casey met, it was two character flaws falling in love with each other. But let me make it clear: no matter what Ollie says on his own bio sheet, he was never the No. 1 honcho, he was not top dog in every department at the NSC. He had bosses. He had people to report to."

Max talks about his exasperation as he watched North testify at the Iran-Contra hearings. "I started yelling at the TV set. I couldn't believe how much they were letting him get away with. Finally I went up to one of the senators I know. 'Why don't you blow him away?' I asked. 'Why are you letting him build himself into a national hero? You know his real biography. He's not that special. He's got some glitches.' The senator didn't even blink. 'Nobody wants to take him on,' he said. 'We know he's gilding his lily. But nobody wants to be the bad guy.'"

Max and I shake hands and part company. It is dusk. There are lights on in the windows of the NSC offices and I jog by the Executive Office Building later that evening. I laugh at myself, wondering how many nights Oliver North worked under those lights, wondering whether the brief biography of North that Max showed me was prepared and typed in that very building.

This business of North's exaggerated claims and false credentials crops up often as marines reflect on the image of Oliver North. Retired marine lieutenant-general Victor Krulak wrote a column about that for *The San Diego Tribune*: "There has been a lot of press discussion about what a two-fisted fighting man North is. His combat exploits in Vietnam are romanticised, like the Sunday-supplement tale of his valiant single-handed midnight foray across the Demilitarised Zone to capture and bring back a North Vietnamese prisoner. It is an exciting story, but, like many others, it never happened."

A former Marine Corps officer who knew North well told me that North had a reputation for self-promotion from early on. "I'm a charter member of the Olliewatchers Club," he says. "A bunch of us formed it back in basic school when we were first commissioned. We've been watching Ollie promote himself since 1968. He was in our basic school class and he stood out. For one thing, he was politically well-connected. He always had a Godfather, some senior officer looking out for him. For another, he hyped himself all the time. I remember working with Ollie on Okinawa in 1973-74. He did a good job running the Northern Training Area. But he also called newspapers and reporters and got himself written up in *The Navy Times* and places like that. He was such a publicity hound. The Olliewatchers laugh about it. Marine officers don't go around arranging their own PR. But Ollie did. That's just his nature."

To a man, the marines I talked to resented North's continual search for the spotlight. "Showboat" and "hot-dog" were terms

(continued on page 110)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

If YOU KNEW SUSIE

Susie Owens is nursing a new career and loving it.

If the lady beside the vintage ute seems familiar, she probably is. Success in an earlier pictorial in which Susie Owens displayed her charms as a nurse gained her an entree into movies. And if you could guess her voice from her Playmate pictures, no doubt you'd recognise it as having launched a thousand radio spots on health and fitness. She started working as a nurse at 19 and during

seven and a half years she went from delivery room duty to cardiology and finally oncology — cancer care. Shortly after her nurse pictorial, she caught the eyes of the producers of a radio sports talk show, who invited her to host a five-minute segment devoted to health and fitness for women. Since, she says, "I was ready to get out of the illness part of health care and into the wellness area," the show was the perfect remedy. Her radio stint sparked an idea that came to fruition a year later, right after she'd returned from a trip to Los Angeles (to appear in a film, *Once In A Lifetime*) where she'd noticed that a large number of personal trainers actually make a decent living. She decided to start a female fitness business. She's currently offering a lecture series called *Females And Fitness,* and she's negotiating to do another radio show. She's making it. But that's just her career. You also ought to know that she's been in love three times, just recently became unattached and shares an apartment with her nine-year-old daughter Shauna whom she adores. One more thing you might like to know is how a 31-year-old nurse gets herself into this kind of physical condition. Squash. Intense sweaty hours of squash. "I hate aerobics," she says. Not one to stifle her opinions, Susie has them on a wide variety of topics, two of which we'll share with you.

On the difference between being 21 and 31: "When I was younger I was silent, submissive and sexless but I'm a long way past that phase. When you turn 31, you don't have time for bullshit."

On nursing: "A lot of nurses get out of it in five to seven years. That's why there's a nursing shortage. Our wages are too low for the kind of work we do, which is gruelling."

NAME
Susie Diane Owens

BUST
88cm (35")

WAIST
63½cm (25")

HIPS
88cm (35")

HEIGHT
173cm

WEIGHT
53kg

BIRTH DATE
28/5/56

SIGN
Gemini

AMBITION
To expand my business in every direction possible as a fitness expert and trainer to promote women's fitness.

TURN-ONS
Being a woman; educated, informed and motivated people; giving and receiving presents; wild thunderstorms.

TURN-OFFS
Smoking, uncleanliness, laziness, judgemental attitudes, highly aggressive and cocky men, people who are always negative.

FAVORITE SPORTS
Squash, driving, football, water sports and hopefully snow-skiing since I'm learning!

FAVORITE TV SHOWS
St Elsewhere, The Three Stooges.

FAVORITE PAMPERING ACTIVITIES
Massages, having my hair brushed, having a maid, having my nails done, shopping.

MAN I'D MOST LIKE TO MEET
The one I'll someday marry.

MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PARTY JOKES

Young Wayne was so dedicated to his girlfriend Wanda that he decided to have her name tattooed on his penis. When it was limp it simply read WA, but when they made love it swelled up to spell all five letters of her name.

However, after a few months they broke up and Wayne took himself off disconsolately to a holiday resort to try and get back into the swing of things. One day he decided to try sunbaking at a nude beach and he lay back idly on the sand, his penis still rather pathetically reading WA.

Just then a very tall, well-muscled black strolled past, with an equally small dick, also tattooed with the same letters, WA.

Wayne sat up quickly. "Excuse me for asking," he called to the black, "but I couldn't help noticing your tattoo. You didn't go out with a girl called Wanda as well did you?"

"No, man, no way," laughed the other guy. "This mother reads WELCOME TO JAMAICA!"

Two Irish nuns were driving along when they realised they were being tailed by a police car. The lights began to flash and the siren to blare and the nuns pulled in obediently as the squad car swerved to a halt in front of them.

The two sisters sat there nervously wondering what they could have done as a burly sergeant levered himself out of the car. Then he slowly began to amble over to them, unzipping his fly.

"Holy Mary," exclaimed the first nun, "it's the breathalyser again!"

The Pope was feeling very much under the weather and his Vatican advisers, not wanting to alarm the Catholic Church, decided to send him to a Jewish doctor.

The doctor checked him out, then announced that he was in perfect health, and that any illness he felt was psychosomatic, brought on by sexual frustration.

"But what can I do?" protested the Pope. "I've taken vows of celibacy and in my position I can't afford to be discovered breaking the rules. Let me pray tonight for guidance and I'll let you know what the Lord advises tomorrow."

The next day he returned to the Jewish doctor and said, "I accept your diagnosis and would be obliged if you could organise sexual relief for me, but on three conditions. In the first place the girl must not be allowed to see me so she can't recognise me and give me away."

"Right," said the doctor, "I'll get you a nice blind Jewish girl."

"Also she must not be allowed to hear me in case she recognises my voice."

"Right," said the doctor, "a nice deaf and dumb girl. And what's the third?"

"And," said the Pope, "she must have big tits and kinky boots."

An Australian working as a waiter in London eventually achieved a lifelong ambition when he got a try-out at the Savoy during a grand dinner party. Suddenly a titled lady in a low-cut gown sneezed so violently that one of her breasts popped out and landed in her trifle.

Thinking quickly, yet not wishing to offend, the Aussie picked up the errant tit with a large spoon, wiped it off with a napkin and scooped it back into the lady's dress.

Afterwards, feeling very pleased with himself and sure he'd scored a job for life, he was surprised when the head waiter sacked him. "But what did I do wrong?" he begged.

"In any other hotel in the world you might have got away with it," sniffed the headwaiter, "but in the Savoy you are expected to warm the spoon."

The young priest was a bit taken aback when he was approached by a derro who asked him for $10 for "a quickie". Not being quite sure what a quickie was he somewhat reluctantly handed over the money. Later, at the convent where he acted as confessor, he rather tentatively asked the mother superior, "What's a quickie?"

The mother superior eyed the handsome young priest speculatively. "Ten dollars to you," she replied.

A patient with a personality disorder was referred to a psychiatrist. After a somewhat cursory examination the shrink declared that he had a split personality and presented him with a bill for $100. The man looked somewhat annoyed with all this but nevertheless he fished out his wallet and presented a $50 note to the doctor.

"Hang on, said the psychiatrist, "I asked for $100."

"That's just for me," replied the schizophrenic calmly. "You can get the other $50 from the other bloke."

By accident the pilot of the jumbo jet left his intercom on. It had been a heavy night and he growled to his co-pilot, "Jesus, what I need is a good fuck and a cup of coffee."

The stewardess nearest the cabin realised with horror that the passengers must have heard so she dashed down the aisle as fast as she could to warn him.

"Miss, miss," called a little old lady as she whizzed by, "You forgot the coffee!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

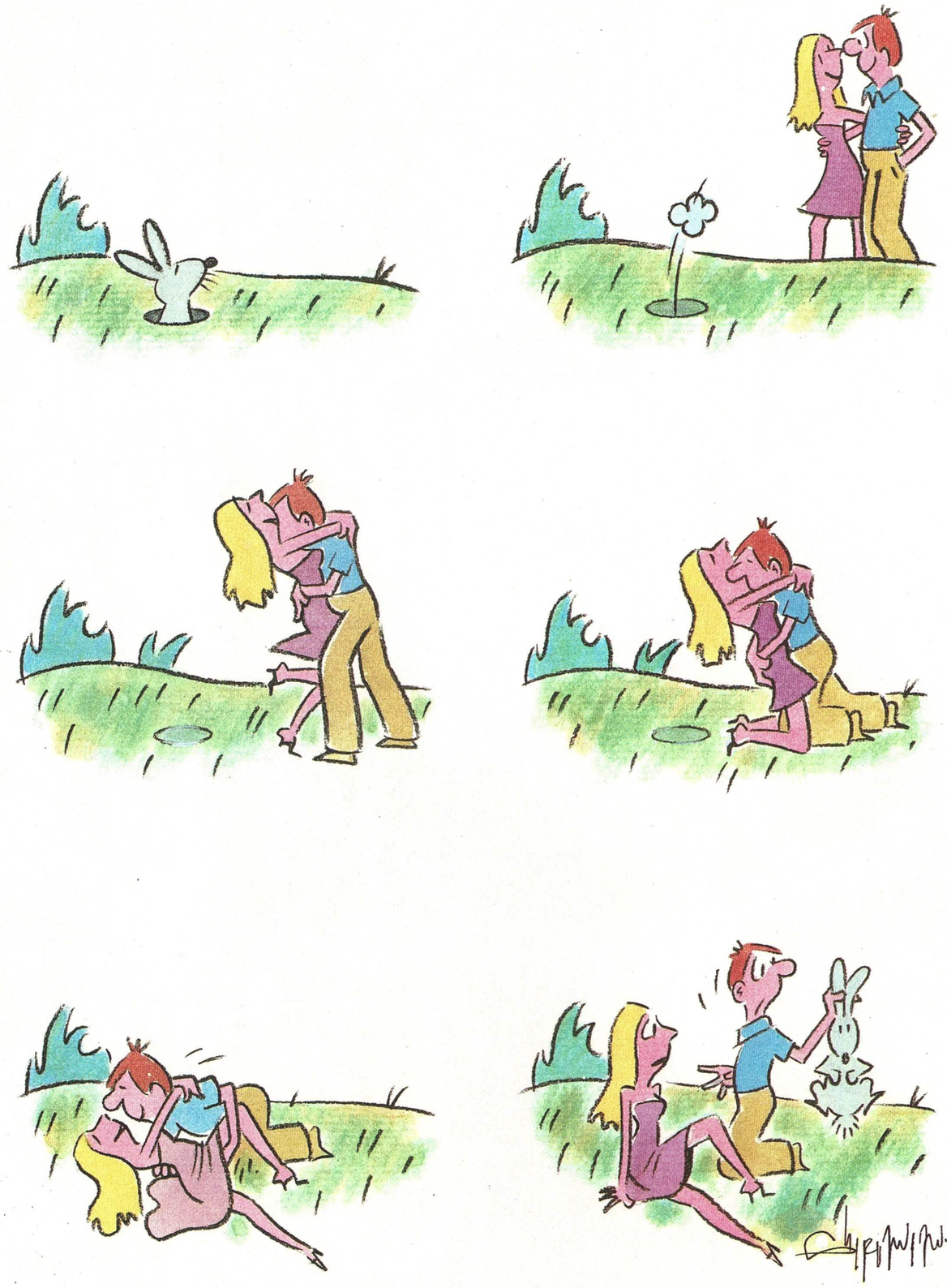


ILLUSTRATION BY OLIVIA DeBERARDINIS

Fiction by T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE

MODERN love

She had a body condom. He had to have a clean bill of health to get to her flesh.

THERE WAS NO exchange of body fluids on the first date, and that suited both of us just fine. I picked her up at seven, took her to Mee Grop, where she meticulously separated each sliver of meat from her Phat Thai, watched her down four bottles of Singha at three dollars per, and then gently stroked her balsam-smelling hair while she snoozed through *The Terminator* at the Circle Shopping Centre theatre. We had a late-night drink at Rigoletto's Pizza Bar (and two slices, plain cheese), and I dropped her off. The moment we pulled up in front of her apartment she had the door open. She turned to me with the long, elegant, mournful face of her Puritan ancestors and held out her hand.

"It's been fun," she said.

"Yes," I said, taking her hand.

She was wearing gloves.

"I'll call you," she said.

"Good," I said, giving her my richest smile. "And I'll call you."

On the second date we got acquainted.

"I can't tell you what a strain it was for me the other night," she said, staring down into her chocolate mocha fudge sundae. It was early afternoon, we were in Helmut's Olde Tyme Ice Cream Parlor, and the sun streamed through the thick frosted windows and lit the place like a convalescent home. The fixtures glowed behind the counter, the brass rail was buffed to a reflective sheen and everything smelled of disinfectant. We were the only people in the place.

"What do you mean?" I said, my mouth glutinous with melted marshmallow and caramel.

"I mean Thai food, the seats in the movie theatre, the *ladies' room* in that place for god's sake. . ."

"Thai food?" I wasn't following her. I recalled the manoeuvre with the strips of pork and the fastidious dissection of the glass noodles. "You're a vegetarian?"

She looked away in exasperation, and then gave me the full, wide-eyed shock of her ice-blue eyes. "Have you seen the Health Department statistics on sanitary conditions in ethnic restaurants?"

I hadn't.

Her eyebrows leapt up. She was earnest. She was lecturing. "These people are refugees. They have — well, different standards. They haven't even been inoculated." I watched her dig the tiny spoon into the recesses of the dish and part her lips for a neat, foursquare morsel of ice cream and fudge. "The illegals, anyway. And that's half of them." She swallowed with an almost imperceptible movement, a shudder, her throat dipping like a gazelle's. "I got drunk from fear," she said. "Blind panic. I couldn't help thinking I'd wind up with hepatitis or dysentery or dengue fever or something."

"Dengue fever?"

"I usually bring a disposable sanitary sheet for public theatres — just think of who might have been in that seat before you, and how many times, and what sort of nasty festering little cultures of this and that there must be in all those ancient dribbles of toffee and Coke and extra-butter popcorn — but I didn't want you to think I was too extreme or anything on the first date, so I didn't. And then the *ladies' room*. . ." She ducked her head and I nearly fell into her eyes. "I mean, after all that beer. . . You don't think I'm over-reacting, do you?"

As a matter of fact, I did. Of course I did. I like Thai food — and sushi and ginger crab and greasy souvlaki at the corner stand too. There was the look of the mad saint in her eye, the obsessive, the mortifier of the flesh, but I didn't care. She was lovely, wilting, clear-eyed and pure, as cool and matchless as if she'd stepped out of a Pre-Raphaelite painting, and I was in love. Besides, I tended a little that way myself. Hypochondria. Anal retentiveness. The ordered environment and alphabetised books. I was a 33-year-old bachelor, I carried some scars and I read the newspapers — herpes, AIDS, the Asian clap that foiled every antibiotic in the book. I was willing to take it slow. "No," I said, "I don't think you're over-reacting at all."

I paused to draw in a breath so deep it might have been a sigh. "I'm sorry," I

whispered, giving her a doglike look of contrition, "I didn't know."

She reached out then and touched my hand — touched it, skin to skin — and murmured that it was all right, she'd been through worse. "If you want to know," she breathed, "I like places like this."

I glanced around. The place was still empty, but for Helmut, in a blinding white jumpsuit and toque, studiously polishing the tile walls. "I know what you mean," I said.

●

We dated for a month — museums, drives in the country, French and German restaurants, ice cream emporiums, fern bars — before we kissed. And when we kissed, after a showing of *David And Lisa* at a revival house and on a night so cold no run-of-the-mill bacterium or commonplace virus could have survived it, it was the merest brushing of the lips. She was wearing a big-shouldered coat of synthetic fur and a knit hat pulled down over her brows and she hugged my arm as we stepped out of the theatre and into the blast of the night. "God," she said, "did you see him when he screamed, 'You touched me!'? Wasn't that priceless?" Her eyes were big and she seemed weirdly excited. "Sure," I said, "yeah, it was great," and then she pulled me close and kissed me. I felt the soft flicker of her lips against mine. "I love you," she said, "I think."

A month of dating and one dry fluttering kiss. At this point you might begin to wonder about me, but really, I didn't mind. As I say, I was willing to wait — I had the patience of Sisyphus — and it was enough just to be with her. Why rush things? I thought. This is good, this is charming, like the slow sweet unfolding of the romance in a Frank Capra movie, where sweetness and light always prevail. Sure, she had her idiosyncracies, but who didn't? Frankly, I'd never been comfortable with the three drinks, dinner and bed sort of thing, the girls who come on like they've been in prison for six years and just got out in time to put on their make-up and jump into the passenger seat of your car. Brenda — that was her name, Brenda Drumhill, and the very sound and syllabification of it made me melt — was different.

●

Finally, two weeks after the trek to the revival house, she invited me to her apartment. Cocktails, she said. Dinner. A quiet evening in front of the tube.

She lived on the ground floor of a restored Victorian terrace, half a mile from the station, where she caught the train each morning to the city and her job as an editor of *Anthropology Today*. She'd held the job since graduating six years earlier (with a double major in Rhetoric and Alien Cultures), and it suited her temperament perfectly. Field anthropologists living among the River Dayak of Borneo or the Kurds of Kurdistan would send her rough and grammatically tortured accounts of their observations and she would whip them into shape for popular consumption. Naturally, filth and exotic disease, as well as outlandish customs and revolting habits, played a leading role in her rewrites. Every other day or so she'd call me from work and in a voice that could barely contain its joy give me the details of some new and horrific disease she'd discovered.

She met me at the door in a silk kimono that featured a plunging neckline and a pair of dragons with intertwined tails. Her hair was pinned up as if she'd just stepped out of the bath and she smelled of Noxema and Phisohex. She pecked my cheek, took the bottle of Vouvray I held out in offering and led me into the front room. "Chagas' disease," she said, grinning wide to show off her perfect, outsized teeth.

"Chagas' disease?" I echoed, not quite knowing what to do with myself. The room was as spare as a monk's cell. Two chairs, a loveseat and a coffee table, in glass, chrome and hard black plastic. No plants ("God knows what sort of insects might live on them — and the *dirt*, the dirt has got to be crawling with bacteria, not to mention spiders and worms and things") and no rug ("A breeding ground for fleas and ticks and chiggers!").

We kissed. I rubbed the back of her neck, felt something strange, an odd sag and ripple, as if her skin had suddenly turned to cling wrap.

Still grinning, she steered me to the hard black plastic loveseat and sat down beside me, the Vouvray cradled in her lap. "South America," she whispered, her eyes leaping with excitement. "In the jungle. These bugs — assassin bugs, they're called — isn't that wild? These bugs bite you and then, after they've sucked on you awhile, they go to the loo next to the wound. When you scratch, it gets into your bloodstream and anywhere from one to 20 years later you get a disease that's like a cross between malaria and AIDS."

"And then you die," I said.

"And then you die."

Her voice had turned sombre. She wasn't grinning any longer. What could I say? I patted her hand and flashed a smile. "Yum," I said, mugging for her, "what's for dinner?"

She served a cold cream of tofu-carrot soup and little lentil-paste sandwiches for an appetiser and a garlic souffle with biologically controlled vegetables for the entree. Then it was snifters of cognac, the big-screen TV and a movie called *The Boy In The Bubble*, about a kid raised in a totally antiseptic environment because he was born without an immune system. No one could touch him. Even the slightest sneeze would have killed him. Brenda sniffled through the first half hour, then pressed my hand and sobbed openly as the boy finally crawled out of the bubble, caught about 37 different diseases and died before the commercial break. "I've seen this movie six times now," she said, fighting to control her voice, "and it gets to me every time. What a life," she said, waving her snifter at the screen, "what a perfect life. Don't you envy him?"

I didn't envy him. I envied the jade pendant that dangled between her breasts and I told her so.

She might have giggled or gasped or lowered her eyes, but she didn't. She gave me a long slow look, as if she were deciding something, and then she allowed herself to blush, the color suffusing her throat in a delicious mottle of pink and white. "Give me a minute," she said mysteriously, and disappeared into the bathroom.

I was electrified. This was it. Finally. After all the avowals, the pressed hands, the little jokes and routines, after all the miles driven, meals consumed, museums paced and movies watched, we were finally, naturally, gracefully going to come together in the ultimate act of intimacy and love.

I felt hot. There were beads of sweat on my forehead. I didn't know whether to stand or sit. And then the lights dimmed, and there she was at the rheostat.

She was still in her kimono, but her hair was pinned up more severely, wound in a tight coil to the crown of her head, as if she'd girded herself for battle. And she held something in her hands — a slim package, wrapped in plastic. It rustled as she crossed the room.

"When you've in love, you make love," she said, easing down beside me on the rock-like settee. "It's only natural." She handed me the package. "I don't want to give you the wrong impression," she said, her voice throaty and raw, "just because I'm careful and modest and because there's so much, well, filth in the world, but I have my passionate side too. I do. And I love you. I think."

"Yes," I said, groping for her, the package all but forgotten.

We kissed. I rubbed the back of her neck, felt something strange, an odd sag and ripple, as if her skin had suddenly turned to cling wrap, and then she had her hand on my chest. "Wait," she breathed, "the, the thing."

I sat up. "Thing?"

The light was dim but I could see the blush invade her face now. She was sweet. Oh, she was sweet, my Little Em'ly, my Victorian princess. "It's Swedish," she said.

I looked down at the package in my lap. It was a clear, skin-like sheet of plastic, folded up in its transparent package like a heavy-duty garbage bag. I held it up to her huge, trembling eyes. A crazy idea darted in and out of my head. No, I thought.

"It's the newest thing," she said, the

(continued on page 108)

Give all those dreary winter chills a

BOLD SHOULDER

Fashon by **Vitek**

The shape of things to come this winter is big on shoulders. All you wimps out there are going to get bulk padding to help you look 10ft tall and bullet-proof. Indeed, several suiting designers have gone even further, with wide '40s-style lapels to finish the look.

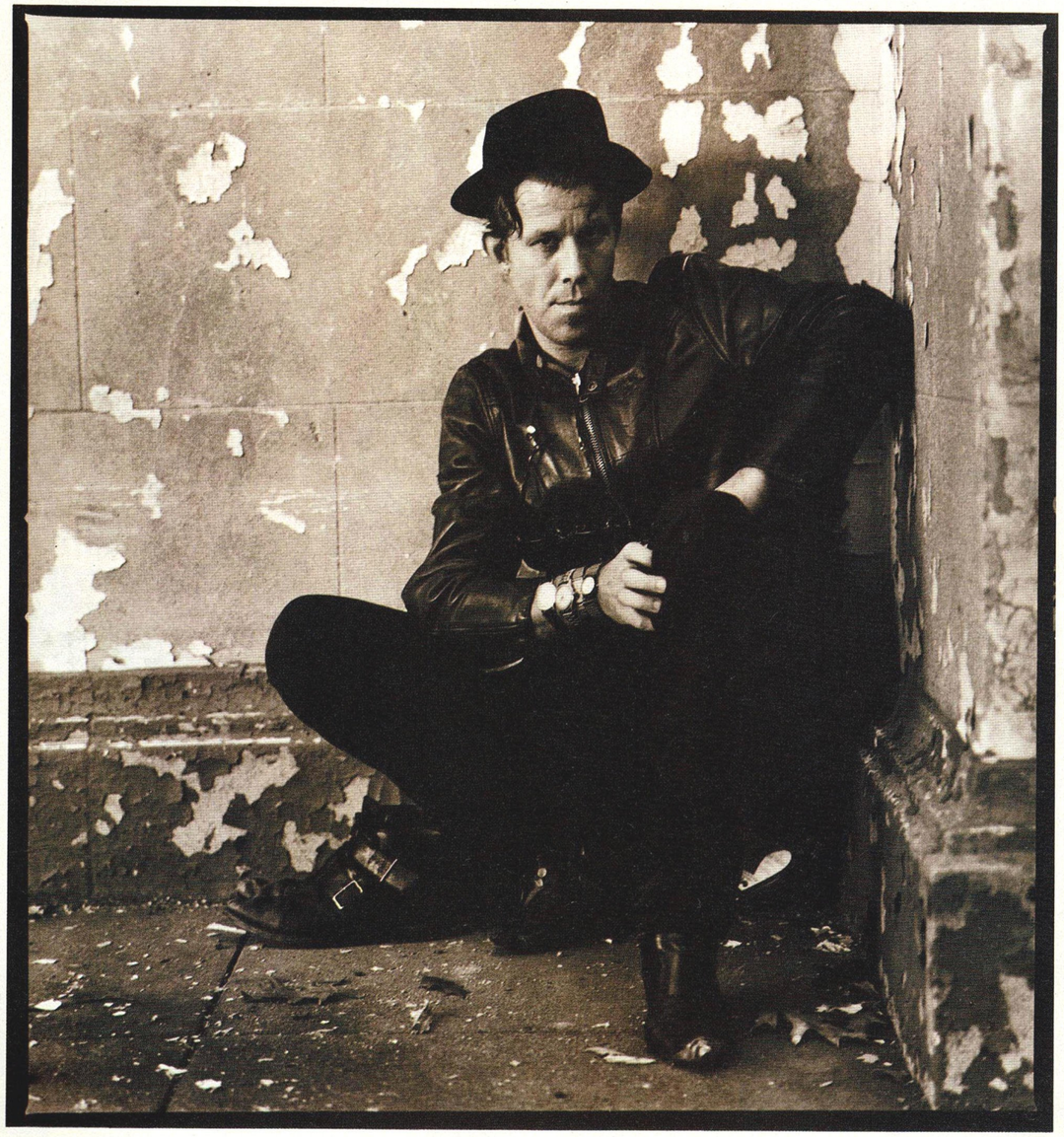
Winter is usually a grey old time, but this season designers have taken it to the limits: the story is no color at all in winter '88. Black and grey predominate, and even the traditional white is very scarce. To compensate for lack of color, the look has heaps of texture: hound's-tooth, tiny checks and fine prints are everywhere. With any luck you'll be able to find something to reflect your inner personality!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL SCHWERDTFEGER

Previous page, left to right: The rugged look, with cotton jodhpurs ($150), corduroy shirt ($90) and red polo shirt ($90), all by Trent Nathan for Eros. A layered story with cord overcoat ($270), cord jacket ($89), check shirt ($68) and cord pants with bold pleat ($70), all from Hartog, a new label, but watch for it.
This page: Casual but very smart, a knitted top ($168) and matching tracksuit-type pants ($200), by Najee from its Australian collection. She is wearing Trent Nathan.

Big impact with little effort. Left to right: A jacket with fine check print and padded shoulders ($160), pleated drill trousers ($108) and crew neck sweater in cotton blend ($84). Leather trim jacket ($175), pleated pants in cotton blend ($160) and button-down shirt ($65). A very European look from Seed, available through department stores and leading boutiques.

Left to right: A daytime city look that dresses up for night-time — cotton jacket with lots of leather trimming ($290), cotton check shirt ($78) and pleated trousers ($130). Another big-shoulders look with hound's-tooth jacket ($220), polo shirt ($60) and big pleated pants with cuff ($120), all from Plot, through most menswear stores. She is wearing Trent Nathan.



PHOTOGRAPH BY RUVEN AFANADOR

20 QUESTIONS: TOM WAITS

The piano bard with the lived-in voice growls out his views on his favorite dives, domestic bliss, Prince, and his movie with Jack Nicholson and Meryl Streep.

Most people know singer-songwriter Tom Waits as the poet of late-night metropolitan areas, the bard of smokey lounges and cue-ball moons. But lately, Waits has been experimenting, both on his last three albums, which have included songs nailed together from pieces of "found sound" — deafening jackhammers, sirens, strains of an Irish jig — and as an actor (Cotton Club, Down By Law, Ironweed). Writer ***Steve Oney*** *showed up at a favorite Waits hangout, a seedy cafe on the fringes of downtown L.A. "Waits, now 37, arrived looking wild-haired, mystic-eyed, and dressed up in parson's black suit and tie," reports Oney. "He was insistent upon talking into a tape recorder for fear of being misquoted, but he began the conversation with the paradoxical warning, 'I'm going to pull your string from time to time.'"*

1.

PLAYBOY: In spite of the fact that your albums have won you a loyal following, your work is rarely heard on the radio. What kind of payola do you think it would take to get disc jockeys in Des Moines to play a few cuts from *Frank's Wild Years*?

WAITS: I don't know. The people who succeed today essentially write jingles. It's an epidemic. Even worse are artists aligning themselves with various products, everything from automobiles to Pepsi. I don't support it. I hate it. So there.

2.

PLAYBOY: Early in your career, some of your songs — for instance, *Ol' '55*, which the Eagles covered — became hits, and almost all of them, no matter how unconventional, relied upon pretty melodies. But lately — especially on your past three albums — you've moved away from hummable tunes to what you call "organised noise". Why?

WAITS: I just feel like I was cutting off a very small piece of what I wanted to do. I wasn't getting down the things I was really hearing and experiencing. To me, music with a lot of strings gets like Perry Como after a while. It's why I don't really work with the piano much anymore.

Like, anybody who plays the piano would thrill at seeing and hearing one thrown off a 12-storey building, watching it hit the sidewalk and being there to hear that thump. It's like school. You want to watch it burn to the ground.

3.

PLAYBOY: Do you really feel that in order to create a marketable pop song, you have to sell out?

WAITS: Popular music is like a big party, and it's a thrill sneaking in rather than being invited.

Every once in a while, a guy with his shirt on inside out, wearing lipstick and a pillbox hat, gets a chance to speak. I've always been afraid I was going to tap the world on the shoulder for 20 years and when they finally turned around, I was going to forget what I had to say. I was always afraid I was going to do something in the studio and *hate it*, put it out, and it was going to become a hit. So I'm neurotic about it.

4.

PLAYBOY: Who is Harry Partch, and what does he mean to you?

WAITS: He was an innovator. He built all his own instruments and kind of took the American hobo experience and designed instruments from ideas he gathered travelling around the United States in the '30s and '40s. He used a pump organ and industrial water bottles, created enormous marimbas. He died in the early '70s, but the Harry Partch Ensemble still performs at festivals. It's a little arrogant to say I see a relationship between his stuff and mine. I'm very crude, but I use things we hear around us all the time, built and found instruments. I mean things that aren't normally considered instruments.

Oh, dragging a chair across the floor or hitting the side of a locker real hard with a two-by-four, a freedom bell, a brake drum with a major imperfection, a police bullhorn. It's more interesting. You know, I don't like straight lines. The problem is that most instruments are square and music is always round.

5.

PLAYBOY: Considering your predispositions, what modern artists do you like to listen to?

WAITS: I like Prince. He's out there. He's uncompromising. He's a real fountainhead, a real reservoir. Takes dangerous chances. He's androgynous, wicked, voodoo. The Replacements have a great stance. They like distortion. Their concerts are like insect rituals. I like a lot of rap stuff, because it's real, immediate. Generally, I like things as they begin, because the industry tears at you. Most artists come out the other side like a dead carp.

6.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of when you hear the name Barry Manilow?

WAITS: Expensive furniture and clothes that you don't feel good in.

7.

PLAYBOY: In your musical career, you've tried to retain maximum creative control, yet in the past few years you've become more and more involved in the most collaborative of all media, theatre and film. What's the attraction?

WAITS: It's thrilling to see the insanity of all these people brought together like this life-support system to create something that's really made out of smoke. I guess the same thing draws me to it that draws me to making records — you fashion these things and ideas into your own Frankenstein. It's as if you were making your own dreams. I like that.

8.

PLAYBOY: On *Ironweed*, you worked with Jack Nicholson and Meryl Streep. What did you learn from them?

WAITS: Nicholson's a consummate storyteller. He's like a great bard. He says he knows about beauty parlors and train yards and everything in between. You can learn a lot from just watching him open a window or tie his shoes. It's great to be privy to those things.

I just watched everything. Watched them build characters from pieces of things in people that they have known. It's like they build a doll from grandmother's mouth and Aunt Betty's walk and Ethel Merman's posture, then they push their own truthful feelings through that exterior. They're great at it.

9.

PLAYBOY: Have there been musical pay-offs from your involvement in theatre and film?

WAITS: Just that I'm more comfortable stepping into characters in songs. On *Frank's Wild Years*, I did it in *I'll Take New York* and *Straight To The Top*. I've learned how to be different musical characters without feeling like I'm eclipsing myself. On the contrary, you discover a whole family of other personalities living inside you.

10.

PLAYBOY: Three years ago, you made much ado about leaving Los Angeles for Manhattan. You praised New York as "a great town for shoes", but now you're back in California. What happened?

WAITS: I was developing Tourette Syndrome.I was blurting out obscenities in the middle of Eighth Avenue. I turned into an eraserhead. But it's been arrested. With research, there is hope.

11.

PLAYBOY: What do you nominate as the world's best dives?

WAITS: As far as I'm concerned they're all in the USA. The Sterling Hotel at 39th and Downing in Cleveland. Great lobby. Good place to sit with the old men and watch Rock Hudson movies. Then there's the Wilmont Hotel in Chicago. The woman behind the desk, her son's the Marlboro Man. There's the Alamo Hotel in Austin, Texas, where I rode in an elevator one night with Sam Houston Johnson.He spat tobacco juice in a cup while we talked. Let's see, the Swiss American Hotel in San Francisco's insane asylum. Also, the Paradise Motel right here on Sunset in LA. It's nice in the summer when there's a carnival across the street. And oh, the Taft. I think they're a chain. You can probably get off a train in just about any town, get in a taxi, and say, "Take me to the Taft Hotel" and wind up somewhere unsavory. Yeah, say, "Take me to the Taft, and step on it."

12.

PLAYBOY: Despite your reputation and songs that glorify hard living and carousing, you've been married seven years and have two children. How do you balance your domestic and creative lives?

WAITS: My wife's been great. I've learned a lot from her. She's Irish Catholic. She's got the whole dark forest living inside of her. She pushes me into areas I would not go, and I'd say a lot of the things I'm trying to do now, she's encouraged. And the kids? Creatively, they're astonishing. I mean, the way they draw, you know? Right off the page and on to the wall. It's like you wish you could be that open.

13.

PLAYBOY: In your role as a dad, do you do All-American dad things like take the kids to Disneyland?

WAITS: Disneyland is Vegas for children. When I went with the kids, I just about had a stroke. It's the opposite of what they say it is. It's not a place to nurture the imagination. It's just a big clearance sale for useless items. I'm not going back, and the kids won't be allowed to return until they're 18, out of the house. And even then, I would block their decision.

14.

PLAYBOY: Your songwriting technique is very unusual. Instead of sitting down at a piano or synthesiser, you hole up alone somewhere with nothing but a tape recorder. Why do you work this way?

WAITS: I don't want to sound spiritual, but I try to make an antenna out of myself, a lightning rod out of myself, so whatever is out there can come in. It happens in different places, in hotels, in the car — when someone else is driving. I bang on things, slap the wall, break things — whatever is in the room. There are all these things in the practical world that you deal with on a practical level and you don't notice them as anything but what you need them to be. But when I'm writing, all these things turn into something else, and I see them differently, almost like I've taken a narcotic. Somebody once said I'm not a musician but a tonal engineer. I like that. It's kind of clinical and primitive at the same time.

15.

PLAYBOY: While you may strive for musical crudity, lyrically, you're quite sophisticated. Interior rhymes, classical allusions, and your hallmark, a great ear for the vernacular. In a sense, you're the William Safire of street patois, rescuing phrases like "walking Spanish" (inebriated saunter) and even coining some pretty good lingo of your own, such as "rain dogs" (stray people who, like animals after a shower, can't find their markings and wander aimlessly). What are some of your other favorite bits of slang, phrases you'd like to see get more every-day use?

I don't want to sound spiritual, but I try to make an antenna out of myself, a lightning rod of myself, so whatever is out there can come in.

WAITS: For starters, I'd like to see the phrase "wooden kimono" returned to the lexicon. Means coffin. Think it originated in New Orleans, but I'm not certain. Another one I like is "wolfe tickets", which means bad news, as in someone who is bad news or generally insubordinate. In a sentence, you'd say, "Don't fuck with me, I'm passing out wolfe tickets." Think it's either Balitmore Negro or turn-of-the-century railroadese. There's one more. Don't know where it came from, but I like it: "Saturdaynightitis." Now, it's what happens to your arm when you hang it around a chair all night at the movies or in some bar trying to make points with a pretty girl. When your arm goes dead from that sort of action, you've got Saturday-nightitis.

16.

PLAYBOY: You said you'd rather hear music over a crackly AM car radio than over the best sound system. What's the matter with a good CD player?

WAITS: I like to take music out of the environment it was grown in. I guess I'm always aware of the atmosphere that I'm listening to something in as much as I am what I'm listening to. It can influence the music.

It's like listening to Mahalia Jackson as you drive across Texas. That's different than hearing it in church. It's like taking a Victrola into the jungle, you know? The music then has an entirely different quality. You integrate it into your world and it doesn't become the focus of it but a condiment. It becomes the soundtrack for the film that you're living.

17.

PLAYBOY: Your soundtrack for *One From The Heart* was nominated for an Oscar. Did you enjoy writing it enough to want to do another one?

WAITS: Working on *One From The Heart* was almost a Brill Building approach to song-writing, sitting at a piano in an office, writing songs like jokes. I always had that fantasy, so I jumped at the chance to do it. I've been offered other films, but I've turned 'em down.

The director comes to you and says, "Here, I've got this thing here, this broken toy." And in some cases, he says, "Can you fix it?" Or maybe he just wants interior decorating or a haircut. So you have to be sure you're the right man for the job. Sort of like being a doctor. Rest in bed, get plenty of fluids.

18.

PLAYBOY: You've remarked that *Frank's Wild Years* is the end of a musical period for you, the last part of a trilogy of albums that began with *Swordfishtrombones*. Have you turned a corner?

WAITS: I don't know if I turned a corner, but I opened a door. I kind of found a new scam. I threw rocks at the window. I'm not as frightened by technology maybe as I used to be. On the last three albums, I was exploring the hydrodynamics of my own peculiarities.

19.

PLAYBOY: Is this album your last experimentation with the scavenger school of song-writing?

WAITS: I don't know what the next one will be. Harder, maybe louder. Things are now a little more psychedelic for me, and they're more ethnic. I'm looking towards that part of music which comes from my memories, hearing *Los Tres Aces* at the Continental Club with my dad when I was a kid.

20.

PLAYBOY: To what lengths would you go to avoid getting a star on Hollywood Boulevard?

WAITS: I don't think it works that way. I think it's pretty much that you pay for them. I'm not big on awards. It's just a lot of headlights stapled to your chest, as Bob Dylan said. I've only got one award in my life, came from a place called Club Tenco in Italy. They gave me a guitar made out of a tiger's eye. Club Tenco was a festival they created as a satellite alternative to the big San Remo Festival they have every year. It's to commemorate the death of a big singer whose name was Tenco and who shot himself in the heart because he'd lost the San Remo Festival.

For a while, I think it was very popular in Italy for singers to shoot themselves in the heart. That's my award.

Wonders DOWN UNDER

A most unusual lecture by Dan Greenburg on the natural history of lingerie.

HOW LONG HAS lingerie been around? It has certainly been around for quite a bit longer than Frederick's of Hollywood. Although lingerie as we know it today was actually invented in 1723 by a Parisian professor of art named Jean-Pierre Lingerie (pronounced LAN-zhe-REE, incidentally — not LAWN-zhe-RAY, which refers to a form of lingerie worn in Oahu, the grass underskirt), there are definite indications of a rudimentary type of lingerie in the *homo habilis* fossils unearthed by anthropologist Louis Leakey at the Olduvai Gorge in Kenya.

Thirty thousand years ago Cro-Magnon woman was thought to have used garter snakes to hold up her stockings, and before that *Australopithecus prometheus* woman apparently wore the skins of koala bears — the first teddies.

But back to Professor Lingerie. On a

Thursday evening in December of 1723, an event transpired which would alter not only the professor's own life but the very fabric of fashion history forever.

Lingerie had been teaching his customary life drawing class in his draughty studio in Montmartre, and on this chilly December night his nude model, Mimi, a plump young woman from the Pigalle district, had complained of goosebumps. Mimi asked the professor if she could be permitted to cover herself, if only till the goosebumps flattened a bit, and Lingerie said what was the point of drawing from the human body if that body were draped in folds that totally concealed it, for God's sake?

Teeth chattering, Mimi persisted. Exasperated, Lingerie looked about for something that might warm his model without totally obscuring her voluptuous figure. He spied a piece of white silk he'd been using as a paint rag — part of an old formal gown, long since discarded by his wife. He seized it, then swiftly and irritably fashioned it into a makeshift bra and step-ins. He then fitted his hurriedly constructed garments over the shivering young woman and returned to scrutinising his students' sketchpads.

But his students — all young men in their early twenties — seemed paralysed. They were inexplicably unable to move, unable to hear his entreaties to continue drawing, unable to do anything at all but stand and stare at the model. Lingerie turned and looked in the direction of their stares and realised he had unwittingly created something even perkier than a naked lady.

That night was to be Professor Lingerie's last at teaching life drawing or anything else. He abandoned all his students and threw himself obsessively into the design and manufacture of what he called "le couvert contre le vent" — literally, "the cover against the wind". His supply of paint-smeared white silk soon gave out, however, and he was eventually forced to experiment with other materials — silk charmeuse, satin, Lycra, nylon tricot, rayon acetate, poly-spandex. It was to be six more weeks before he realised that the new material did not need to be smeared with paint.

Often students ask: "Did Lingerie invent the panty?" No, but he did have a hand in it. By March of 1724, Lingerie had created a line of intimate apparel that was the talk of Paris. An entrepreneur named Jacques Panty then struck a deal with Lingerie to get the line into the marketplace, but thought the appellation "le couvert contre le vent" too cumbersome for print ads.

Panty proposed to Professor Lingerie that the new product be called simply "panties". Lingerie was livid, and accused Panty of being a self-aggrandising egomaniac. Fearing he was risking blowing a good thing, Panty quickly recanted, suggesting that an even better name might be "lingerie", and the professor perked right up.

To this day, intimate apparel the world over is known as lingerie, and only underpants are known as panties.

Scholars have also been confused about the origin of the term "Merry Widow". Let me explain.

Madame Genevieve Lingerie was the neglected and long-suffering wife of Professor Lingerie. The professor spent as many as seven days a week — and often nights as well — laboring in his atelier, creating slips, corsets, chemises, peignoirs, camisoles, teddies and bustiers pampered

with princess seaming and Chantilly lace. Designing, cutting, sewing, measuring, fitting and altering his creations on the actual bodies of young Parisian models, Lingerie found his hours at home shrinking to an alarming degree.

Indeed, in the seven years following the appearance of his prototypes for the fullcut brief and the demi-cup underwire bra with front closure, Monsieur Lingerie was home so infrequently that one evening when he entered their bedroom and prepared for bed, his wife screamed and claimed not to recognise him.

But tragedy was soon to overtake Professor Lingerie. Working late one night in his atelier, the overzealous inventor got his head entangled in the straps of a prototype garter belt he was fitting on one of his young models and, before the startled girl even knew what was happening, Lingerie had turned blue and strangled to death.

When news of her husband's untimely demise reached Madame Lingerie, she reportedly burst into gales of near-hysterical laughter that did not subside until the family physician administered a sedative some 12 days afterward. Cynical neighbors dubbed Mme Lingerie "the Merry Widow," and the name stuck.

Western scholars have long known that the best lingerie has always come from France, Italy and the United States, but recently the Russians have entered the field and are trying hard to be competitive. I am often asked what it is like and how serious a threat it is to our own.

While NATO nations have always excelled in the design and manufacture of state-of-the-art lingerie, lately Communist bloc countries have made serious inroads into what was once a primarily Western industry. The Slavic product is predictably weak on delicacy and sensuality but is effective protection in contact sports, in the operation of heavy machinery and for use by female military personnel in the frigid climate of Afghanistan.

An impressive display of combat lingerie was noted by Western observers in Moscow's Red Square at last year's May Day parade. Squads of grim-faced, solidly built women commandos trooped past the reviewing stand, decked out in canvas push-up bras, burlap bikini panties, garter belts made of industrial-strength nylon webbing and chain-link fishnet stockings.

Though lingerie representatives in New York, Paris and Milan have maintained a public posture of nonchalance and even disdain for the Soviet product, privately, Western manufacturers of intimate apparel are plotting. They feel that there is a dangerous surplus of lingerie in the marketplace and that it threatens an already shaky world economy.

Millions of Bolshevik underpants are known to be stored in distinctive above-ground silos in strategic locations in Tashkent, Sverdlovsk, Novosibirsk, Irkutsk and Yakutsk in Russia's northern latitudes, along what has come to be known as the VPL, or Visible Panty Line.

Both sides acknowledge the gravity of the panty glut. Each has reportedly agreed to destroy 55,000 string bikinis, 175,000 pairs of tap pants, 180,000 pairs of bikini panties and 400,000 pairs of hipster-cut nylon tricot briefs with ecru lace and reinforced cotton comfort shields, if a means of effective on-site verification can be agreed upon.

AUSSIE RULES

(continued from page 55)

The Swans need big tough players to match it in Melbourne.

games in the big smoke and, despite having become a physically robust team in that they hit people with their handbags, they are susceptible to the constant pressure the good teams put on them.
PREDICTION: Can't see enough improvement relative to other teams: 11th.

HAWTHORN

The Hawks lost the 1987 Grand Final in about as ignominious a fashion as Carlton had the year before. There were perhaps a few more extenuating circumstances — but now they have lost coach Allen Jeans to illness. They have played in five Grand Finals in a row, for two wins.

Hawthorn have some of the best footballers ever to pull on a boot — but all of them are another year older, and most of them have been playing at the highest level of commitment and concentration for five years. It is possible that long awaited post-Grand Final slump will happen this year.
PREDICTION: A slump and a slide, down to a modest No. 6.

MELBOURNE

How the mighty are risen! They did it last season for Robbie, can they do it again? Melbourne's rise under the unassuming but obviously effective coaching of John Northey was (with St Kilda's winning run in the last half of the season) the highlight of 1987 — aside from Carlton's methodical premiership of course.

Not even the Devil would have wagered on the Demons making the finals, let alone the Preliminary Final, even four or five weeks before the end of the season. Even on the morning of Round 22 it seemed a bit unlikely — first Melbourne had to beat Footscray at home, and then Hawthorn had to beat Geelong at Kardinia Park. Even at halftime, three-quarter time ... but everything fell into place.

Then each week of the finals was a Grand Final, but they kept winning. It's said in some of the deeper recesses of the Members at the MCG that if Buckenara hadn't won the preliminary final in the most unusual fashion, then the Demons would have been so high that they would have gone all the way to Heaven.
PREDICTION: This is dangerous considering what happened to the boom teams of '86 and '87, Footscray and Fitzroy, but the Ds will go on with it, even one step further to the Grand Final, but finish 2nd.

NORTH MELBOURNE

They're a funny team, North Melbourne, popping up in the finals more regularly than many a more fashionable side — even if the memorable performances are somewhat outweighed by quick exits. All the same, the Kangaroos have only finished outside the five three times in the past 15 years, winning two flags into the bargain (admittedly the last was 10 years ago).

Last year the highlight came, like so many others, in Round 22, when North, particularly the Krakouers, outplayed Carlton all day except for the last minute when the side lost with a kick after the siren. The next week the Roos were steamrollered by the Melbourne bandwagon, and that was it.

All the same they had played well enough during the year to guarantee a place in the Finals, despite losing captain Wayne Schimmelbusch half way through.
PREDICTION: North really need quality key forwards, and do seem to have used up most of their ideas in the few players of genius that they have. Top of the middle order, will frighten a few above them on their day: 7th.

RICHMOND

A bizarre team who looked for three quarters of three-quarters of their games last season as if they could be anything. In the final quarter of those games, however, they managed to find new and inventive ways to lose.

On paper, the team always looked pretty good. Unfortunately coach Tony Jewell couldn't do anything with the players, and he became a lame-duck leader towards the end of the season, warming the seat for the return of favorite son Kevin Bartlett as coach this year, as well as yet another new administration.

Everyone has their work cut out making anything of a team that by the end couldn't even avoid the wooden spoon by beating the Bears.
PREDICTION: Bartlett will receive a coaching baptism by winning the wooden spoon again: 14th.

ST KILDA

The rise of St Kilda was one of our better tips from last season, though it occurred not just because of the influx of Carlton players. They have added some experience and the expectation of success, but they weren't the ones who won the games for the Doc, Darrel Baldock.

The matchwinners were the co-Brownlow medal winners, shy country boy and 117 goal full forward Tony Lockett, trundling around one end of the ground, the rough and tough Danny Frawley at the other end, and all manner of interesting footballers in between.

In St Kilda you've got a team on the go. And one that plays extremely attractive, efficient football with a leavening of erratic talent too.
PREDICTION: This is a real neck on the chopping block effort, but 3rd.

SYDNEY SWANS

Anyone who saw the Swans last July, then went to Mars for a holiday till now and asked who won the premiership, would be surprised to find it wasn't them. After a warm-up win over Footscray, they had an entirely unprecedented sequence of three games where they kicked 30.21, 36.20 and 31.12 to beat West Coast, Essendon and Richmond.

But that scoring orgy took place in Sydney on the small and circular SCG where the floods of little handpassers can play keepings off, get the ball out of the middle and kick it to Warwick Capper or over his head for a goal. The following game against Carlton was at Princes Park in cold old Melbourne, and the Swans were well and truly plucked.

This presaged another disappointing Finals series where the Swans managed, as in 1986, to lose both games in a disappointing fashion, and to finish fourth.

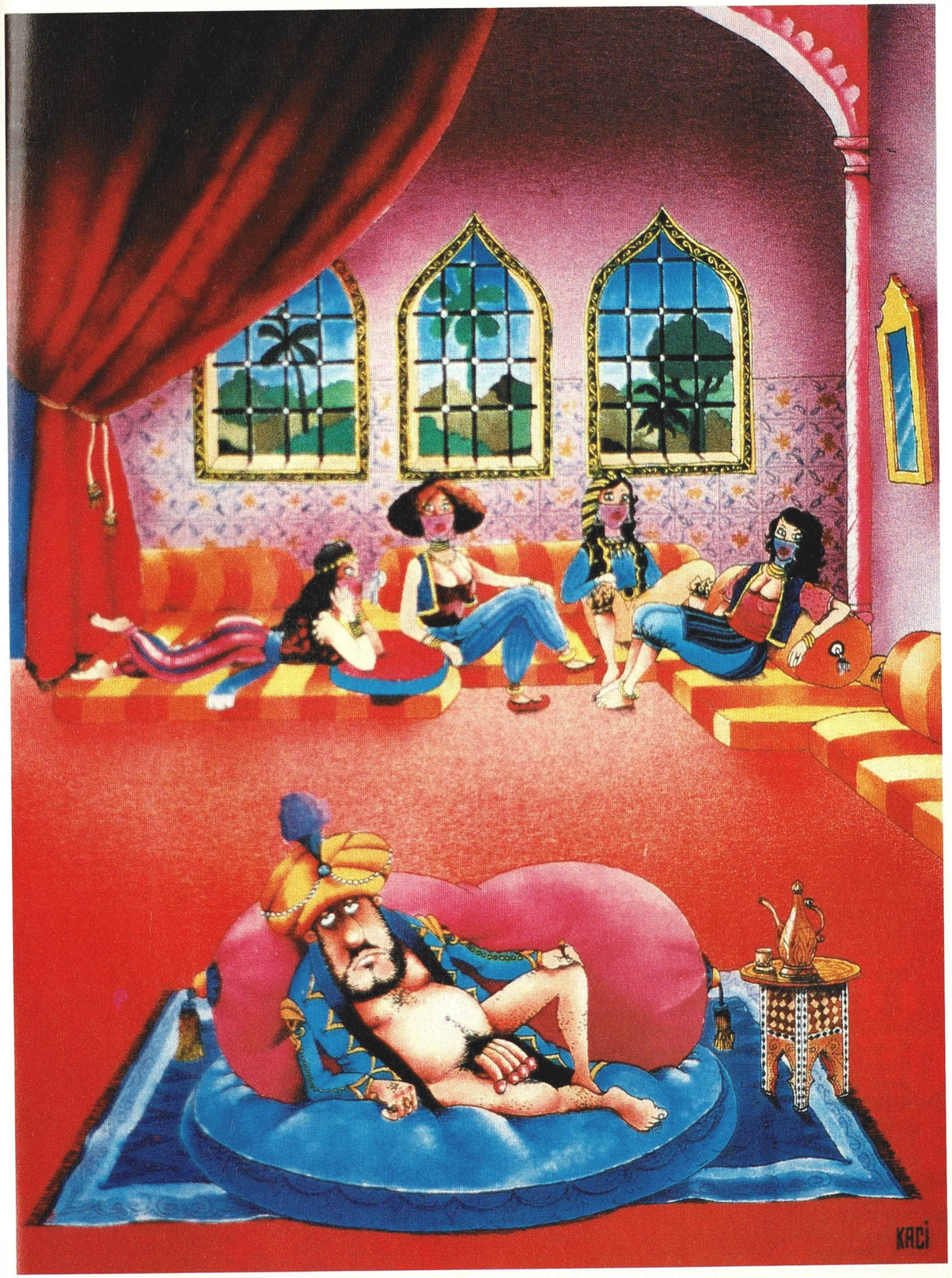
This year, with much the same personnel, looks like following a similar pattern. Sydney are very hard to beat at home because they have a team designed for that job. There are lots of small ball-getters, runners and handballers, and not a lot else. This is the combination that gets enough wins to be in the finals, but also gets them into trouble on bigger grounds against opponents who concentrate.
PREDICTION: This year a slight drop, to the Elimination Final. They need some fast, big and tough players to match it in Melbourne. 5th.

WEST COAST EAGLES

We all got one thing right about the Eagles, and that was that they would be extremely difficult to beat in the West, where the huge fanatical crowd egged on their heroes to feats of never giving up unseen in that place before, even for the America's Cup.

What we hadn't counted on was that they would be jetlagged easybeats in Melbourne where they played in silence and without the same kind of commitment.

A larger, or at least different team roster is going to make a big difference. And perhaps the off season coup against coach Ron Alexander, replaced by John Todd, might help as well. They are a very talented side, one that is certain to do better in Melbourne.
PREDICTION: Can't see them not finishing in the five this year. 4th.



THE YUPPIES

(continued from page 51)

For many it will be a desperate period; people not believing the big spending days are done.

or adviser compile, a list of quality secondary companies, something I call a "vulture fund". This third part of portfolios which can afford risk for possible greater return should be invested in companies that have either lots of cash and no debt or have unusual long-term prospects. These shares (particularly in the over-the-counter market) should have been hammered down out of all proportion to their worth. They should be selling at two, three, four, five dollars to nine dollars a share but have been selling as high as 10 to 25. For instance, if you buy a thousand shares of 10 such companies on the bargain counter, it would cost, say, $20,000. This is a portfolio designed to perhaps triple over the next several years because of the fictional prices of many issues that got destroyed in emotional selling. Many of these are true bargains, regardless of the pessimism that surrounds us all right now. Remember the words of Count Rothschild when asked how he made all of his money: "When the streets of Paris are running with blood . . . I buy." The same is true for the financial streets of New York, London and Sydney.

The next several years will also be a time for concentration, for judgements that are not emotional. Gone will be the cliches of recent times such as "good real estate only goes one way, up". Or "equity funds are the path to riches".

This is what I mean by concentration: Luigi, the Italian tailor from a small village in the hills of Umbria, gets an audience with the Pope. He stays with the Pope for a long time, 20 minutes, a private audience. When he goes home to his village the people line the streets. They celebrate, a huge welcome home for Luigi. The people crowd around their hero. "The Pope," they cry, "Il Papa. What was he like?" The tailor looks at them. "What was he like?" Luigi says, "A 42 long."

It is going to be a time to focus on a speciality, on making yourself particularly good at what you do or what you are thinking of doing. In an economic climate where fat is going to be trimmed companies are going to be more bottom-line conscious than ever. You are not going to be allowed to fake it any more. The easy money has been made. The easy times are gone. There will be a flight to quality: in goods, in services, in securities and advice.

For many it will be a desperate period as well; people not believing that the big spending days are done. Before every period of stress in the past 20 years a man has appeared in my office, wild to make the last big score before reality sets in. He is Sid The Schemer. His appearance always augurs tough times ahead. Sid is a psychologist by profession. He is the kind of person who gives psychology a bad name, the way doctors and dentists who spend time on real estate deals and tax scams give medicine a bad name. In the middle '70s, Sid tried to get me to raise a hundred thousand dollars for a device he was promoting that would allow women to pee standing up. This time the stakes are higher, because Sid's time is running out. "I've got letters to IBM, Digital, Wang," he says. "I've got something that will not only make us a fortune but earn us the thanks of every mother in the world. A quarter of a million dollars will return a *billion* in five years." Sid is cranking up his pitch, a truly bad sign for the economy.

"What is it, Sid?" I ask him.

"I'm working on an implant for children, an alarm system to prevent kidnapping or sexual abuse. It's put into a tooth or underneath an arm and it emits a signal if the child is threatened. It rings in police headquarters and it's gonna win me the Nobel Prize. Except for IBM, Digital and Wang, I came to you first." I usher Sid from my office and tell him to wait until he hears from IBM. "If this doesn't work," I add, "why not show them the device for women to pee standing up?"

"I tried it on them," he says, "they said there's no future for peeing in a work station."

Frantic people will be coming out of the woodwork. They don't want to have to go to work. But one result of the crash of 1987 will be a bonus, something we all long for in our heart of hearts. My wife and I went to a cocktail party this week, given by a novelist to celebrate nothing more than the season. He provided entertainment at the party, an old-fashioned idea, a singer accompanied by a piano. The singer sang songs by Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, Cole Porter.

We are heading into a time when romance will be in fashion, the simple romance of strolls in the country and walks in the rain. Lyrics will inspire and sustain us.

I tried this observation out on the person who shines shoes in the office for two dollars a shine. Usually the tip is another dollar. "I agree with you," the shoeshine person said. "But that may be your childhood. My friends and I want to go back to softer days also, the Beatles of *Strawberry Fields*, the blues, people sharing low-down not high-time." I ignored my cellular phone and listened. The shoeshine lady graduated from uni in 1987. She majored in history.

Getting real

The day the yuppies died, a joke began to circulate amid the rubble of the stock market. It cheekily pointed up the difference between pigeons and young stockbrokers. A pigeon, the theory went, could still make a deposit on a BMW. Yuppies are now Puppies (poor urban professionals, of course) and, thus, lives are being arduously re-evaluated. Priorities have taken an honest turn. Easy money has given way to hard labor, new conscience, and simpler rewards. Quality is job one. Even mashed potatoes are beginning to look good again. Indeed, not all is lost, just habits and brand names. To help make your way in a confusing time, we offer the following chart, sure signs that, as the text of one era ends, already the style of another begins.

YUPPIE	PUPPIE
Trivial Pursuit	Scruples
Lunch	Breakfast
One-night stands	Romance
Banking	Thanking
BMWs	Anything else
Kiwi	Banana
Perrier	Classic Coke
White wine	Red wine
Bordeaux	Burgundies
Getting ahead	Getting good
Getting head	Giving head
Royalty	Loyalty
Making money	Making do
Financial Review	House & Garden
LA Law	*Neighbours*
Swatch	Longines
VCR	Fireplace
Realty	Fealty
Satellite dishes	Pyrex dishes
Asia	Africa
Three names	Two names
Dry Cleaners	Ironing
Valet parking	Parallel parking
Cellular phones	Kitchen phones
Kitsch	Catch
Squash	Fishing
Tofu	T-bone
Jane Pauley	The Playboy Playmate

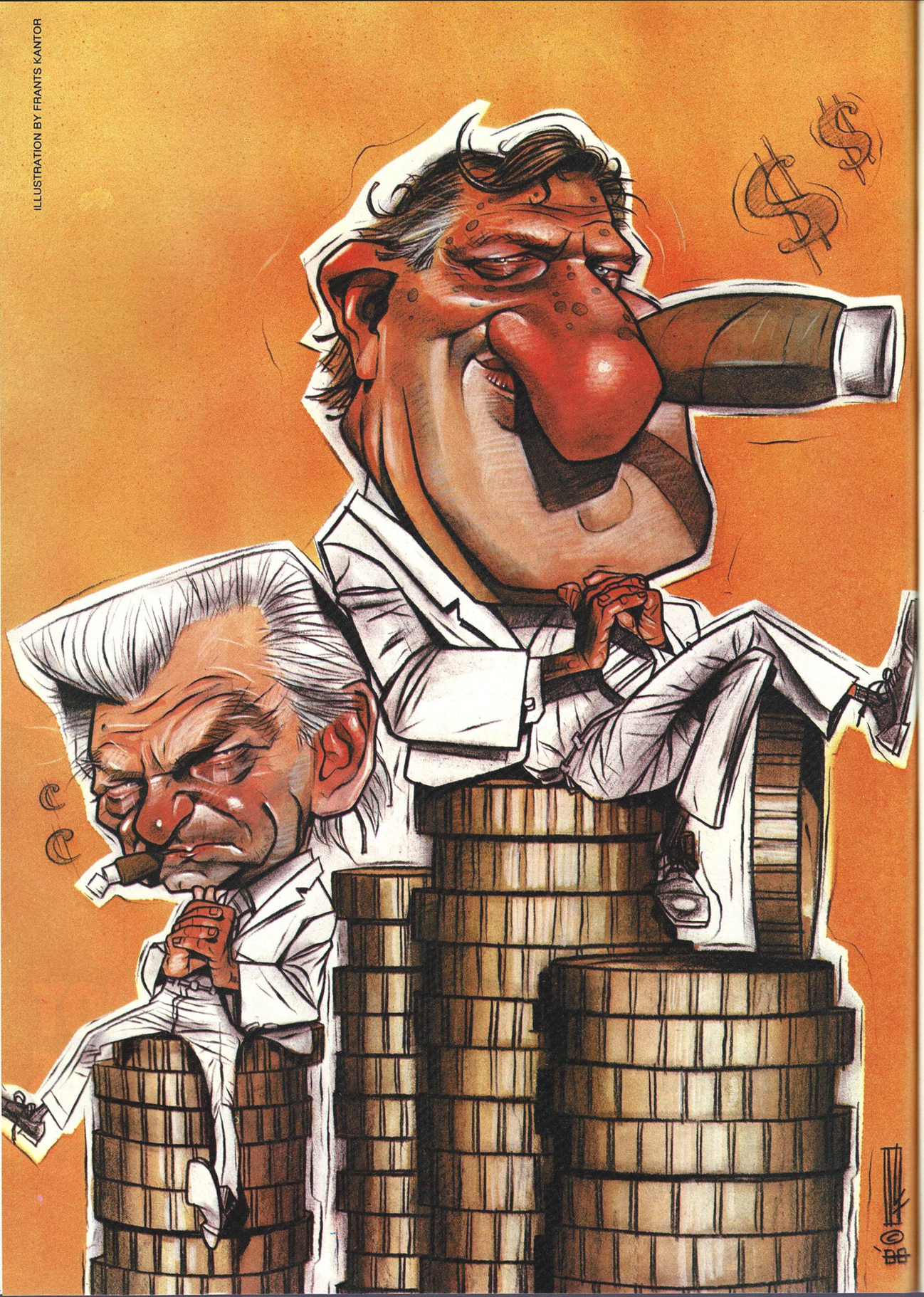


ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

Who gets what in the salary stakes? Graeme Orr sticks his nose into other people's wage packets and gets a few surprises.

IS JOHN ELLIOTT'S BIGGER THAN BOB HAWKE'S?

SOME MEN HAVE big ones! Most have smaller ones. Women have been shorted on them. Nobody will admit it, but they'd dearly like to know how theirs stacks up against the other fellow's. It's not only the size of them, but what you do with them and what goes along with them that counts! Despite an intense interest in them, it has been largely bad form to reveal them in public.

Australians like to believe they live in a classless society. However, a glance at the *salaries* paid to our biggest earners and an afternoon with a sociology status researcher will quickly put paid to that idea.

In the status stakes, we are told, money isn't everything. But it sure beats the hell out of whatever comes first and second!

That salary disclosures are contentious in Australia is evidenced by the fuss which ensued last year when a popular business magazine, *BRW* (Business Review Weekly), revealed 130 of Australia's top business earners. It showed **Brian Loton** (managing director of BHP) on top of the heap with a $1.5 million salary package. Equal second on the list was Elders-Foster's-IXL Liberal Party president and parliamentary hopeful **John Elliott** on $1.1 million, which is around 10 times the package of Prime Minister **Bob Hawke**.

The Ministerial Council Of Federal And State Attorneys-General, which oversees companies legislation across Australia, decided in 1986 that the annual accounts of large public companies would have to provide detailed information on the salaries and benefits paid to directors and senior executives. The new rules demand information about salaries, superannuation benefits and the interest of directors and executives in joint ventures, partnerships and trusts. Suddenly salaries are becoming very public and more than a few people are not pleased about the trend.

The new disclosure rules apply only to publicly listed companies, which means that a number of huge private company directors and executives will not be subject to the provisions. The benefits and salary details are already appearing in company annual reports, but some companies have been investigating ways of avoiding the disclosure through exploiting loopholes in the rules.

A number of large companies (only companies with total assets of $10 million or gross revenue of more than $20 million must disclose details of payments) strenuously object to such disclosure and point to chaos in upper management circles when some executives discover that other colleagues, previously thought to be on the same salary package, are on different, perhaps more generous structures. One executive has warned that kidnapping, which is commonplace overseas but almost unknown in Australian business circles, may become a more frequent occurrence with the open knowledge that a number of business executives are pulling in up to a million dollars a year.

Will Bailey, managing director of the ANZ Bank, has been widely reported as criticising the disclosure requirement and implied he may become a conscientious objector by refusing to file details of his own package. Bailey has even suggested the radical possibility of removing executives from the boards of the ANZ and subsidiaries to avoid wholesale disclosure. A random survey among business executives asking if they preferred secrecy yielded a unanimous chant of approval, including one cryptic query: "Is the Pope Polish?"

(Ironically, the **Pope** presents a unique record in the income stakes. His salary is a big zero! Certainly the perks mount up — virtually unlimited travel, free board and lodging, the use of a great library and the opportunity to sit down and chat with the most powerful world leaders. But officially he is in receipt of no actual stipend.)

The interesting aspect of salaries is they tend to fluctuate wildly across income-earning sectors (business, entertainment, government and sport for example) and can vary quite dramatically from the public perceptions of what particular occupations might pay.

For example, the NASA astronauts pull only $US28,000 ($A42,000) a year, which is fractionally less than a New York social worker and San Francisco police sergeant.

Nor is there always a link between big salaries and wealth, since just under half of the world's richest 400 people acquired their wealth by inheritance, and a number of other big earners spend their money almost as quickly as they earn it.

When it comes to detailing international wealth, agreement on rankings doesn't come easily. *Fortune* and *Forbes*, two American business magazines with a strong international following, have released rival wealth lists recently, but cannot agree on who is the richest person in the world. *Fortune* went for Brunei (Malaysia) oil sultan **Hassanal Bolkiah**, who is reportedly worth $A34 billion. *Forbes* magazine, on the other hand, disqualified the oil sultan from its list, arguing his power is largely political (the good sultan owns virtually everything that moves, mines, floats and stands still in his country) and came up with **Yoshiaki Tsutsumi**, a 53-year-old landlord, hotelier and rail baron who is worth $A27 billion.

Fortune's list named 47 Americans, 12 Arabs, 10 Asians and six each from West Germany, the Netherlands and Canada. The **Queen** came in a stiff-upper-lip fifth with a conservative $A10 billion, easily beating her next royal rival, **Queen Beatrix** of the Netherlands, who is worth only $A6 billion. A London newspaper claimed in 1986 that Queen Elizabeth "turns off the palace lights to save a few quid", but if she wants to arrest her gradual downward slide in the wealth stakes (she was third 10 years ago) she will have to find additional, meaningful cost-saving devices.

The youngest billionaire in the world, both magazines agree, is **Bill Gates**, founder of the Microsoft Computer company, with about $A1.64 billion.

No Australian appears on the list (with the exception of **Rupert Murdoch** who is listed as an American following his taking out US citizenship a couple of years ago), despite recent billionaire status being conferred on **Robert Holmes a Court** and **Kerry Packer**. One difficulty is that a bil-

lion Aussie dollars is only about two thirds of a billion US dollars.

The international list didn't discriminate between the legality or otherwise of the source of wealth. **Pablo Escobar Gaviria**, a Colombian cocaine magnate, makes the list with more than $US2 billion, while his fellow countrymen, the **Ochoa** brothers, who list their source of wealth as forestry and cocaine, came in just behind Pablo with $US1.92 billion. The list reveals a liberal smattering of shipbuilders, oil magnates, property tycoons, retailing giants, publishing barons and car-making heavyweights.

Media and entertainment are featuring strongly in the earnings lists overseas and in Australia. Entertainment warranted a separate list this year and there is much evidence it will boast its first billionaire soon. The survey was for a two-year period (1986 and projected earnings for 1987) and nominated **Bill Cosby** ($US84 million) ahead of **Sylvester Stallone** ($US74 million) and rock star **Bruce Springsteen** ($US56 million). The American *Forbes* magazine forecast that if Cosby kept up his frenetic earnings he would probably become the first entertainment billionaire.

The two-year international survey included a handful of women, including seventh-placed **Madonna** ($US26 million), with **Whitney Houston** immediately behind her ($US24 million). **Jane Fonda** ($US13 million) and **Barbra Streisand** ($US11 million) placed 36th and 38th respectively and a woman who just made it into 40th place in the top 40 — **Oprah Winfrey**, a television host and producer with $US10 million.

Australia's **Paul Hogan** came in 23rd with $US20 million over the two-year period, one place ahead of **Paul McCartney** who was equal with actor **Tom Selleck** with $US18 million apiece.

Lest you think you have to dance, act or sing to make the list there may be hope yet. Three boxers, **Marvellous Marvin Hagler** ($US16 million), **Sugar Ray Leonard** ($US14 million) and 21-year-old **Mike Tyson** ($US13 million), made the list, Charles M. Schulz, creator of *Peanuts*, ranked 4th ($US55 million) and **Jim Davis**, creator of *Garfield*, 13th place with $US31 million over the two years.

Wayne Newton earned $US12 million in 1986 and also won a court settlement for $US19 million from the NBC TV network (who'd alleged he was linked to the mafia). This has not yet been paid to him pending appeal. Newton holds the record for earning more than any other entertainer per hour with $US776,923 per hour in Las Vegas during a three-hour performance in 1987. The highest ranking rock group was **U2** ($US37 million) closely followed by **Bon Jovi** ($US29 million) in 1986-7.

In the middle of all this "wealth worship", along came Australian sociology lecturer **Anne Daniel**, who wanted to discover if money bought respect and status.

It didn't!

Judges came in on top in the respect and admiration survey, with doctors, airline pilots, businessmen and bank managers close behind. However, a number of vocations appeared out of kilter with perceptions of them. School teachers and actors came in high on status but are in fact well down in the salary stakes. Prostitutes were last in the prestige rating, but scored incomes approximating that of doctors, dentists and architects.

There is considerable debate in high-salaried circles about the most obvious changes to their lifestyle. Oprah Winfrey started her working life as a small-time TV reporter in Baltimore, but says the change she enjoys most is paying cash for items.

"I don't have to produce ID, apply for credit cards, fill out forms, provide my address or references. Cash has changed my life," she told **Johnny Carson** on American television. Occasionally, the matter of salaries gets very serious, in the international arena and in Australia. The storm hit Australian television in 1987 as channels set about breaking up established partnerships and wooing news and current affairs stars away from rivals. The Nine Network moved to snare **Richard Carleton** from the ABC for $250,000 whereupon his partner, **Max Walsh**, joined Broadcom (allegedly for a business program on Ten). Ten then signed the executive producer of *Sunday*, **Richard Carey**, for over $200,000 and grabbed the ABC's Canberra double of **Kerry O'Brien** and **Gary O'Neill** for a package of about $220,000. The Ten network champagne had barely gone flat when Nine raided Ten and took news-reader/weather belle team of **Rob Gell** and **Jo Pearson** for a cool million dollars. Pearson and Gell are a team in more ways than one — away from the cameras they are married to each other. The Nine raid was based, in part, on the thesis that if you spend a million dollars breaking up a good television partnership it will cost the loser much more in replacement cost.

The most recent *BRW* salary survey which nominated BHP's Brian Loton as its $1.5 million package salary leader, and Elders chief John Elliott in second place, showed Ansett/TNT boss **Sir Peter Abeles** and TNT's **Fred Millar** equal second with $1.1 million. Just behind them were Robert Holmes a Court and **Alan Bond** with packages totalling a million dollars.

Despite the substantial packages being paid to executives in Australia, our chief executive salaries are lagging behind the rest of the world. One international survey of 20 countries showed Australia lying a poor 19th ahead of Korea. Out front were countries such as the United States, Canada, France, Germany, Hong Kong, Mexico, Spain, Brazil and Argentina.

American chief executives earn three times as much as their Australian counterparts while such countries as Switzerland, Netherlands, Hong Kong and Britain pay twice as much.

Business and politics, it is said, can accommodate each other. That may be so, but the salaries paid do not equate. While Bill Cosby was earning millions last year, President **Ronald Reagan** picked up around $260,000. Reagan may be the most powerful man in the world, but in the salary stakes he comes in just ahead of an upper management executive with Ford.

Politicians simply don't rate well against corporate salary structures. Even prime ministerial salaries boast anomalies. Bob Hawke's $96,000 base salary is understandably less than **Margaret Thatcher**'s ($A102,800) and Canada's prime minister's ($A129,600). However, some surprise has been expressed that New Zealand's **David Lange** earns $A111,200 a year. It must be said that the public generally has little sympathy for boosting politicians' salaries, despite the fact they are on call 24 hours a day and their jobs come up for an often harsh renewal every three or four years.

Political lesser lights come in under the Prime Minister with **John Howard** collecting $83,872 and his deputy **Andrew Peacock** on $70,468. National Party leader **Ian Sinclair** is unhappy with his salary ($65,459). He has reportedly put a case for receiving the same amount as Peacock and lodged an application for an additional $100 per week, indicating it is " . . . appropriate that the leader of the National Party enjoy equal salary and entitlement to that of the deputy leader of the opposition".

Australian government ministers earn $78,127 per year, while ordinary MPs collect $45,543 before travel and electorate allowances.

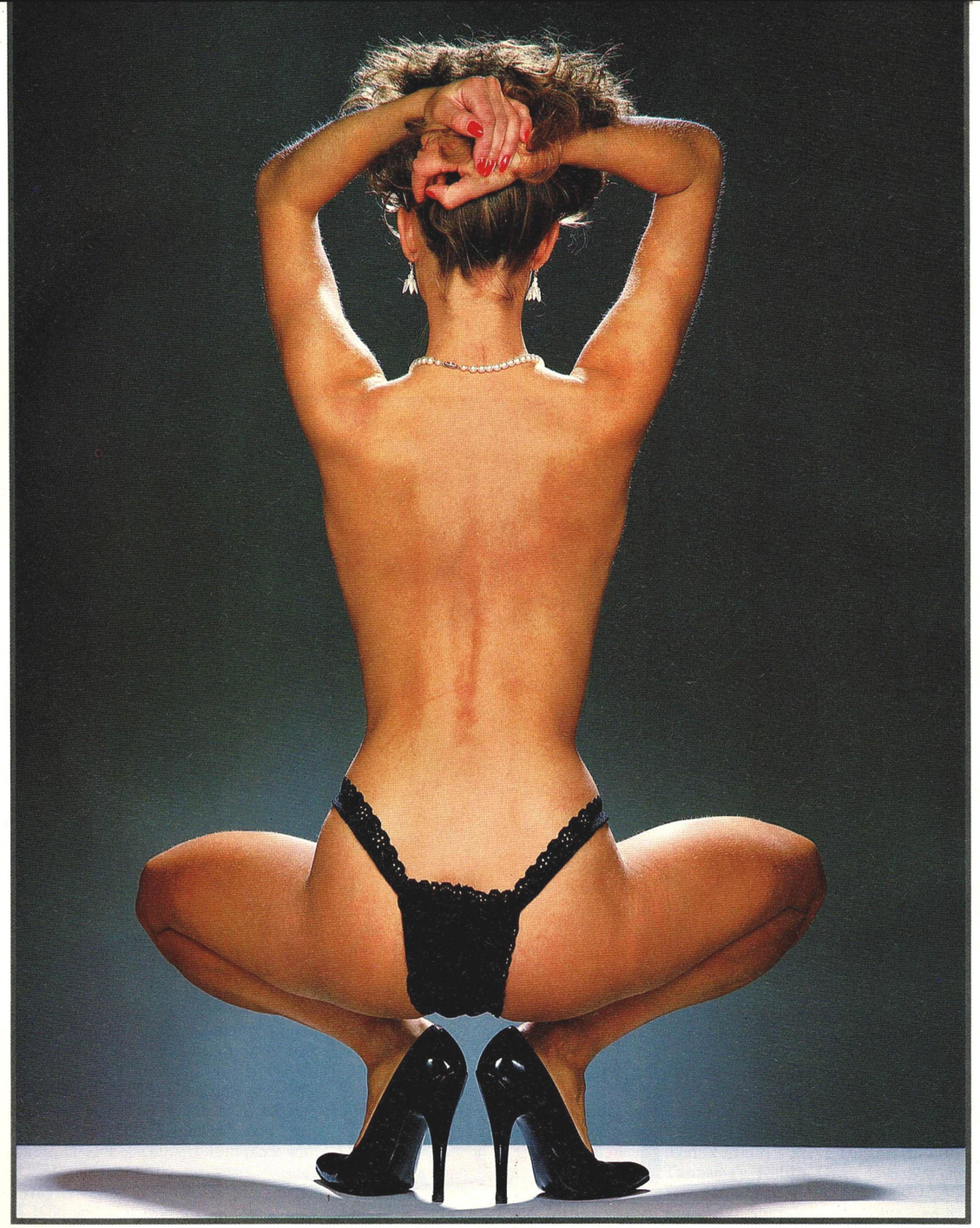
State Premiers haven't missed out either. John Howard might take note that he earns less than all State Premiers, a group led by NSW's **Barrie Unsworth** ($112,276, which is also more than the Prime Minister although Mr Hawke's income rises to around $120,000 with a variety of allowances). Unsworth leads from Victoria's **John Cain** ($109,004), the Northern Territory's **Steve Hatton** ($99,705), Tasmania's **Robin Gray** ($98,093) and South Australia's **John Bannon** ($94,297), and if ever **Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen** had needed an excuse to stand aside for **Mike Ahern** it was his last in the salary stakes ($93,712).

If your salary tends to pale against some of the aforementioned, remember it isn't all beer and skittles for those who make the top. Consider the case of the busy executive who became quite upset that his name appeared on the big salary list. Not because he was shy about his own $180,000 package . . . but because he came in on the wrong end of the list!

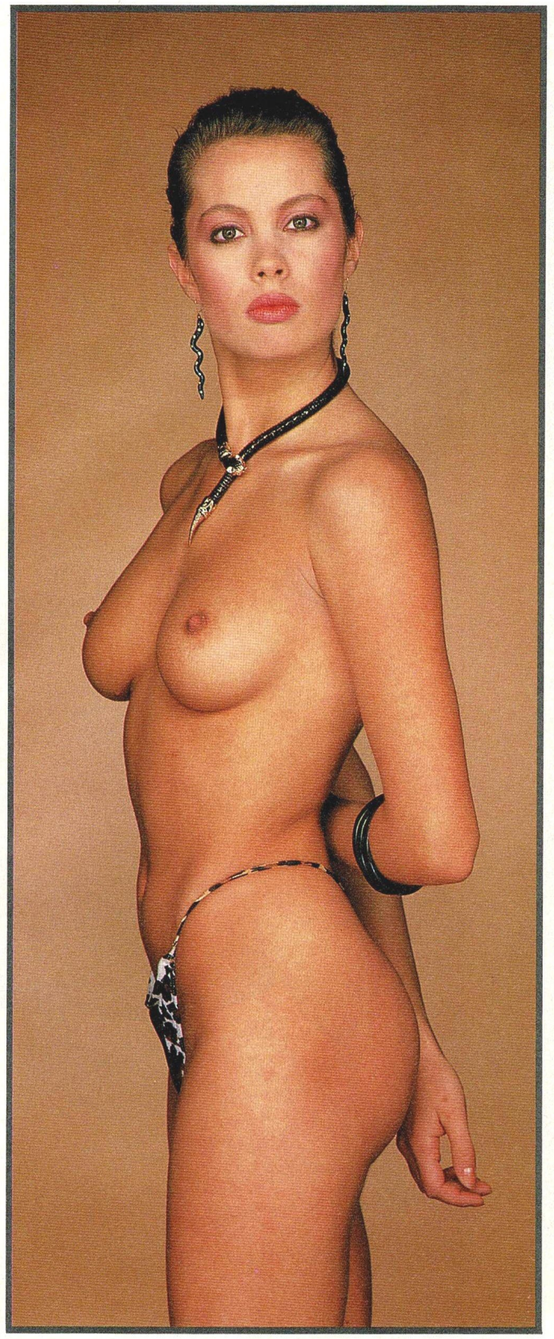
STOP
the World

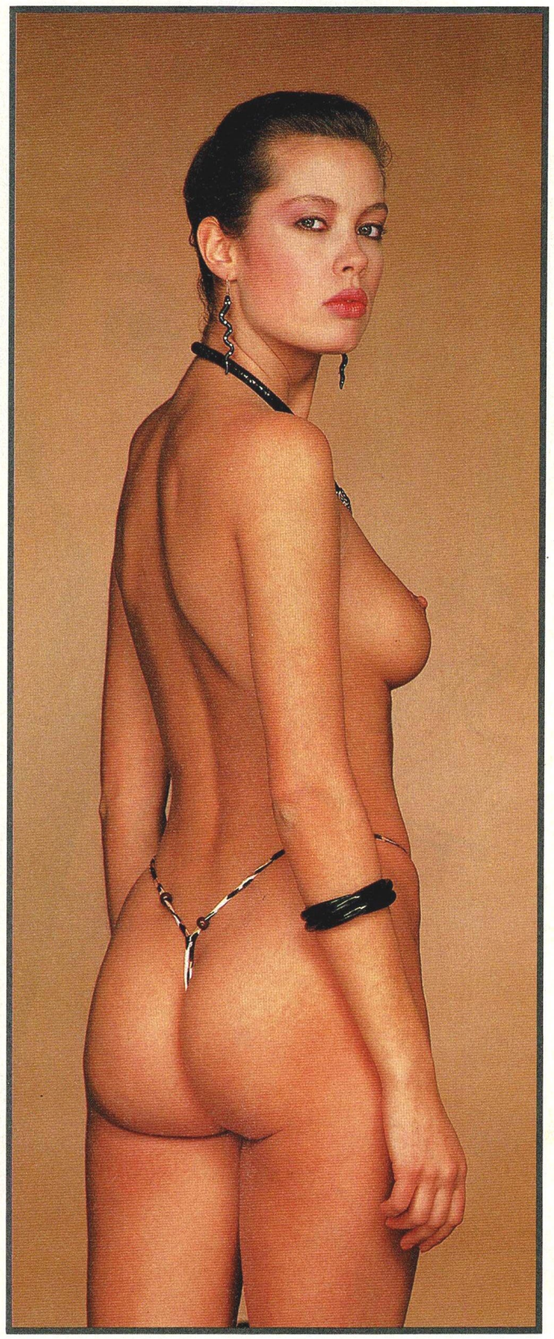
Andrea wants to get on

PICTURE BANK PHOTO LIBRARY I.C.P. MILANO



She's conquered Europe, now she's ready to take on the world. She's Andrea Kovac, she's Hungarian but gypsy blood caused her to roam far and wide in search of fame and fortune. Word of her extraordinary beauty quickly spread across Europe, and photographers were so keen to capture her image on film that she became the continent's most sought after cover girl. According to European experts she has a certain something that sets her apart. The editor of a leading Italian magazine certainly agrees that Andrea is something to rave about. He described her as: "Unique. She seems new and diverse in





photographs, she can give the impression of being a totally different person from photo to photo. This ability to change her expression and attitude has made her so famous and sought after in Europe. She's an explosive cocktail — a sound base of professionalism with a shake of freshness and a large dash of erotic capriciousness.''

Andrea has now based herself in London, where she's planning to springboard her career to America, and then the rest of the world.

So don't be surprised if you see more of Andrea in Australia — but remember, you saw her here first.

MODERN LOVE

(from page 76)

We dined by candlelight — afterwards we donned the cling wrap suits and made joyous sanitary love.

words coming in a rush, "the safest. . . I mean, nothing could possibly —"

My face was hot. "No," I said.

"It's a condom," she said, tears starting up in her eyes, "my doctor got them for me, they're. . . they're Swedish." Her face wrinkled up and she began to cry. "It's a condom," she sobbed, crying so hard the kimono fell open and I could see the outline of the thing against the swell of her nipples, "a full-body condom."

●

I was offended. I admit it. It wasn't so much her obsession with germs and contagion, but that she didn't trust me after all that time. I was clean. Quintessentially clean. I was a man of moderate habits and good health, I changed my underwear and socks daily — sometimes twice a day — and I worked in an office, with clean, crisp, unequivocal numbers, managing my late father's chain of shoe stores (and he died cleanly himself, of a myocardial infarction, at the age of 75). "But Brenda," I said, reaching out to console her and brushing her soft, plastic-clad breast in the process, "don't you trust me? Don't you believe me? Don't you, don't you love me?" I took her by the shoulders, lifted her head, forced her to look me in the eye. "I'm clean," I said. "Trust me."

She looked away. "Do it for me," she said in her smallest voice, "if you really love me."

In the end, I did it. I looked at her, crying, crying for me, and I looked at the thin sheet of plastic clinging to her, and I did it. She helped me into the thing, poked two holes for my nostrils, zipped the plastic zipper up the back and pulled it tight over my head. It fitted like a wetsuit. And the whole thing — the stroking and the tenderness and the gentle yielding — was everything I'd hoped it would be.

Almost.

●

She called me from work the next day. I was playing with sales figures and thinking of her. "Hello," I said, practically cooing into the receiver.

"You've got to hear this." Her voice was giddy with excitement.

"Hey," I said, cutting her off in a passionate whisper, "last night was really special."

"Oh, yes," she said, "yes, last night. It was. I love you, I do. . ." She paused to draw in her breath. "But listen to this: I just got a piece from a man and his wife living among the Tuareg of Nigeria — these are people who follow cattle around, picking up the dung for their cooking fires."

I made a small noise of awareness.

"Well, they make their huts of dung, too — isn't that wild? And guess what — when times are hard, when the crops fail and the cattle can barely stand up, you know what they eat?"

"Let me guess," I said. "Dung?"

She let out a whoop. "Yes! Yes! Isn't it too much? They *eat* dung!"

I'd been saving one for her, a disease a doctor friend had told me about. "Onchocerciasis," I said. "You know it?"

There was a thrill in her voice. "Tell me."

"South America and Africa both. A fly bites you and lays its eggs in your bloodstream and when the eggs hatch, the larvae — these little white worms — migrate to your eyeballs, right underneath the membrane there, so you can see them wriggling around."

There was a silence on the other end of the line.

"Brenda?"

"That's sick," she said. "That's really sick."

"But I thought — ?" I trailed off. "Sorry," I said.

"Listen," and the edge came back into her voice, "the reason I called is because I love, I think I love you, and I want you to meet somebody."

"Sure," I said.

"I want you to meet Michael. Michael Maloney."

"Sure. Who's he?"

She hesitated, paused just a beat, as if she knew she were going too far. "My doctor," she said.

●

You have to work at love. You have to bend, make subtle adjustments, sacrifices — love is nothing without sacrifice. I went to Dr Maloney. Why not? I'd eaten tofu, bantered about leprosy and bilharziasis as if I were immune and made love in a bag. If it made Brenda happy — if it eased the nagging fears that ate at her day and night — then it was worth it.

The doctor's office was in his home, a two-tone mock Tudor house with a winding drive and oaks as old as my grandfather's Chrysler. He was a young man — late thirties, I guessed — with a red beard, shaved head and a pair of oversized spectacles in clear plastic frames. He took me right away — the very day I called — and met me at the door himself. "Brenda's told me about you," he said, leading me into the floodlit vault of his office. He looked at me appraisingly a moment, murmuring "yes, yes" into his beard, and then, with the aid of his nurses, Miss Archibald and Miss Slivovitz, put me through a battery of tests that would have embarrassed an astronaut.

First, there were the measurements, including digital joints, maxilla, cranium, penis and earlobe. Next the rectal exam, the EEG and urine sample. And then the tests: stress tests, patch tests, reflex tests, lung capacity tests (I blew up yellow balloons till they popped, then breathed into a machine the size of a Hammond organ), the X-rays, sperm count and a closely printed, 24-page questionnaire that included sections on dream analysis, genealogy and logic and reasoning. He drew blood too, of course — to test vital organ function and exposure to disease. "We're testing for antibodies to over 50 diseases," he said, eye dodging behind the walls of his lenses. "You'd be surprised how many people have been infected without even knowing it." I couldn't tell if he was joking or not. On the way out he took my arm and told me he'd have the results in a week.

That week was the happiest in my life. I was with Brenda every night, and over the weekend we drove up the coast to stay at a hygiene centre her cousin had told her about. We dined by candlelight — on real food — and afterward we donned the cling wrap suits and made joyous, sanitary love. I wanted more, of course — the touch of skin on skin — but I was fulfilled and I was happy. Go slow, I told myself. All things in time. One night, as we lay entwined in the big white fortress of her bed, I stripped back the hood of the plastic suit and asked her if she'd ever trust me enough to make love in the way of the centuries, raw and unprotected. She twisted free of her own wrapping and looked away, giving me that matchless patrician profile. "Yes," she said, her voice pitched low, "yes, of course. Once the results are in."

"Results?"

She turned to me, her eyes searching mine. "Don't tell me you've forgotten."

I had. Carried away, intense, passionate, brimming with love, I'd forgotten.

"Silly you," she murmured, tracing the line of my lips with a slim, plastic-clad finger. "Does the name Michael Maloney ring a bell?"

●

And then the roof fell in.

I called and there was no answer. I tried her at work and her secretary said she was out. I left messages. She never called back. It was as if we'd never known one another, as if I were a stranger, a door-to-door salesman, a beggar on the street.

I took up a vigil in front of her house. For a solid week I sat in my parked car and watched the door with all the fanatic devotion of a pilgrim at a shrine. Nothing. She neither came nor went. I rang the phone off the hook, interrogated her friends, haunted the lift, the hallway and the reception room at her office. She'd disappeared.

Finally, in desperation, I called her cousin. I'd met her once — she was a homely, droopy-sweatered, baleful-looking girl who represented everything gone wrong in the genes that had come to such glorious fruition in Brenda — and barely knew what

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IT'S
Freesail
FOR THE BEST AERIAL ACTION...
FOR NEW DIRECTIONS IN FLATWATER SPEED...
FOR THE LATEST TECHNICAL INFORMATION...
FIND Freesail AT YOUR NEWSAGENCY...

to say to her. I'd made up a speech, something about how my mother was dying, the business was on the rocks, I was drinking too much and dwelling on thoughts of suicide, destruction and final judgement, and I had to talk to Brenda just one more time before the end and did she by any chance know where she was? As it turned out, I didn't need the speech. Brenda was there and she answered the phone herself.

"Brenda, it's me," I choked. "I've been going crazy looking for you."

Silence.

"Brenda, what's wrong? Didn't you get my messages?"

Her voice was halting, distant. "I can't see you any more," she said.

"Can't see me?" I was stunned, hurt, angry. "What do you mean?"

"All those feet," she said.

"Feet?"

It took me a minute to realise she was talking about the shoe business. "But I don't deal with anybody's feet — I work in an office. Like you. With air-conditioning and sealed windows. I haven't touched a foot since I was 16."

"Athlete's foot," she said. "Psoriasis. Eczema. Jungle rot."

"What is it? The check-up?" My voice cracked with outrage. "Did I flunk the damn check-up? Is that it?"

She wouldn't answer me.

A chill went through me. "What did he say? What did the son of a bitch of a doctor say?"

There was a distant ticking over the line, the pulse of time and space, the gentle sway of Telecom's hundred million kilometres of wire.

"Listen," I pleaded, "see me one more time, just once — that's all I ask. We'll talk it over. We could go on a picnic. In the park. We could spread a blanket and we could sit on opposite corners —"

"Lyme disease," she said.

"Lyme disease."

"Spread by tick bite. They're seething in the grass. You get Bell's Palsy meningitis, the lining of your brain swells up like dough."

"The Cross then," I said, "by the fountain."

Her voice was dead. "Pigeons," she said. "They're like flying rats."

"Helmut's. We can meet at Helmut's. Please. I love you."

"I'm sorry."

"Brenda, please listen to me. We were so close —"

"Yes," she said, "we were close," and I thought of that first night in her apartment, the boy in the bubble and the cling wrap suit, thought of the whole dizzy spectacle of our romance till her voice came down like a hammer on the refrain, "but not that close."

Ollie, we hardly knew ya (continued from page 58)

North's fellow officers see him as a man who, essentially, got fancy.

often used to describe him by men who had done as much as he had done, won as many medals, run as many risks.

"North's not like any other marine officer I've ever known," one active-duty marine says. "I was at the 20th reunion of Khe Sanh veterans recently. I looked around the room that night and I thought about what great guys these marines are, what shit they'd been through in Vietnam, how modest they were about it. Most of them were quality people then and are quality people now — really normal guys who went through hell and then came back to America and tried to adjust. Some of them stayed in the Corps and did their jobs and got promoted or passed over, but I'm here to tell you, they never drew a lot of attention to themselves. Some of them left the Marine Corps and became lawyers, stockbrokers, real estate salesmen. One of my buddies is a janitor in Alaska. Another writes children's books. Another runs a truck stop in Florida. Normal guys who adjusted as best they could. They would never think of showboating the way Ollie does. They really don't approve of that. They see him as a very strange anomaly, a two-percenter. He's out on the fringe, that's all I can tell you."

The perception that North was somehow outside the normal boundaries of a marine officer's conduct, that he was too willing to hype himself to his bureaucratic bosses at the NSC, too eager to succeed and achieve in the civilian world while holding a military commission, is a theme that runs through most of the comments I heard about him. Even men who had admired him in his earlier years saw him as a person who lost the sharp focus of the combat marine and turned himself into an office politician.

"Oliver North is a tremendously complex man," says a marine officer who knows him well. "Before his problems in 1974, he was one of the best officers I'd ever served with. He was good in combat, outstanding as an instructor at Quantico, terrific on Okinawa when he was running the Northern Training Area. I remember once I literally put my life in his hands when he taught me how to rappel out of a CH-23 helicopter. We were hovering 30 metres over the Okinawan jungle and he hooked a snap link to my line, checked the knot, and out of that chopper I went. He was cool and competent, and if he'd screwed up that day in 1974, I'd be dead. It's as simple as that.

"But Ollie went through tremendous changes at the end of 1974. Face it: hospitalisation for emotional problems can slow up your progress in the Marine Corps. North knew his career was on the line. I guess he started to overcompensate to save it.

"I saw North at a Marine Corps Birthday Ball after he joined the NSC, and I was shocked at his appearance. He had the demeanor of a politician. There he was in his dress blues, medals and all, but he needed a haircut and he was talking like an Assistant Secretary of State. He was trying to be a bureaucrat, not a gung-ho infantry officer. I watched him at the Iran-Contra hearings and I felt the same way. 'Take off the uniform, Ollie', I kept mumbling at the TV. Don't bring the marine uniform into that charged political atmosphere. A marine officer doesn't lie to Congress. He doesn't fudge the truth. He doesn't shred documents. He stays politically neutral because that's what his officer's commission requires him to be.

"The real truth about Oliver North? He's an unusual alloy, a strange combination of things. He's displayed real courage in combat, and to this day I would follow him into battle anytime, anywhere. But he's also got an enormous ego when it comes to self-promotion. Both halves of that equation are true, but I suspect that sometimes those two conflicting parts collide inside Ollie. The slick promoter and the combat marine meet at his centre and cancel each other out. What happens to him then? I don't know, but maybe he loses sight of himself and has no idea at that time who he really is."

There is a feeling among North's fellow officers that marines belong somewhere other than the heady environs of the State Department and the NSC. They see North as a man who, essentially, got fancy. They think he didn't really know what he was doing as he tried to participate in affairs of state. He was holding the commission of a Marine Corps officer, but, in the opinion of some of his colleagues, he seems to have forgotten that. They think his actions display truly bad judgement. Bad as in deadly.

"I almost dropped at the knees when I heard about Ollie helping with arms sales to Iran," says one retired marine officer who served as a battalion commander in Beirut in the early 1980s. "He should have known better. Those Iranians sponsored the terrorists who blew up the marine barracks in Beirut and killed 241 of our men. What was Ollie doing selling weapons and missiles to those bastards?

"I think I know something about what Ollie experienced at the NSC. He felt like a big shot. I've been there. When I walked around Beirut, the press wanted to talk to me. I liked that. I liked being lionised, being interviewed. There's a saying: 'If money doesn't get you, power will.' I understood that. And I guarded against it. But I think Ollie held himself in awe. And he made some

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lousy judgements, like backing arms sales to our enemies."

The man pauses, searching for words. I remember how, when the news of the bombing of the marine barracks in Beirut reached me, I almost vomited. I remember exactly where I was, what I was doing, how quickly I left the room to be by myself and hold down the nausea. That may seem melodramatic to some people, but once a marine, always a marine; you identify with the Corps no matter what your political convictions, and the men who are lost long after you leave the service are still, somehow, your brothers-in-arms.

"A lot of senior officers called Ollie 'Lt Col Rambo' long before the public got to know about him. The only way I can put it is this: some guys have a hidden agenda, you know what I mean? Some guys want to be in marine recon a little too much. They want to carry lots of ammo and wear camouflage paint and four different kinds of knives, even in the mess hall. They hot-dog it in front of the troops and the troops love it, but you have to ask yourself what the agenda is for those guys. I always thought Ollie had a hidden agenda. I think he loved medals and glory a little too much. I never would have agreed to sell missiles to the people who blew up my men, not for all the praise in Washington, DC. But Ollie had another agenda. I'm not saying he favored the bombing of the barracks. Not at all. I'm saying he didn't think clearly about the consequences of his actions. He wanted glory. And he got it. Sort of."

Ollie North, as he is known inside the Marine Corps, is a charismatic, workaholic, complicated, self-serving individual who leaves a trail of stories about himself behind him wherever he goes. A lot of marines know those stories. Most of them are about North's overzealous behavior and they frequently evoke laughter. Take the one about the lockers at Camp Lejeune.

"Ollie had a strange reputation at Lejeune because he liked to stay up for two or three days at a time, no sleep, no rest, just work," a marine colleague relates. "It was dumb to do that. Nobody can stay up that long and not make mistakes. But Ollie thought it made him look good, I guess. Sometimes some of the senior officers would just shut Ollie down. They'd tell him to take a break, go home, be with his family. It was weird. Ollie was taken out by stress in 1974, but he piled more and more stress on himself in the next years. Why? To prove he could take it? To prove he's a man? I don't know.

"Anyway, the battalion was coming back home from a mediterranean cruise. The commanding officer wanted the lockers in the barracks checked to make sure everything was okay. So Ollie took over and walked in with the advance party and cut all the locks on the lockers without trying to find keys or combinations or getting any of the troops to help him. He just fired from the hip and tore the place up. The CO was totally pissed off. He almost canned him then and there. The rest of us were laughing. It was pure Ollie North: you leave him unsupervised and he'll break your bank."

And what of the Marine Corps itself? Is it responsible for the actions of Oliver North? Did it fabricate him, encourage him to exaggerate his autobiography, ask him to become more bureaucrat than military man? Is Marine Corps training deficient? Does it reward workaholism and hot-dogging, punishing in-depth thinking and careful planning?

It's not as if the Marine Corps leadership hasn't considered the problem. Listen to the statements of one of the men in charge of Marine Corps officer training.

"Long before it was public, we were aware of Ollie's activities and we were very uncomfortable with some of them. We asked ourselves a basic question: 'Did our training support this kind of personality?' I hate to say it, but the answer is, in some ways, yes. To some extent, we are responsible for the mindset of Oliver North. He brought a lot of problems to us, but he's also a product of our system.

I remember how, when the news of the bombing of the marine barracks in Beirut reached me I almost vomited. I remember exactly where I was.

"When you train marines for combat, you're not running an IBM training program, you know? You aren't sitting around a table somewhere discussing computer programming. You're training marines to go to war and get the job done. So it's always a delicate balance. You want a man who will take the hill when it needs to be taken — but you also want a man who will co-ordinate his efforts and be part of the combat team while he's doing it.

"After the Iran-Contra scandal broke, I was really surprised by the reactions of the young lieutenants who were in basic school at the time. It's true that North was a hero to some of them, but it's also true that they had a pretty good perspective on the guy. The term 'hot-dog' came up a lot when they discussed him. They could sense that Ollie was a grandstander.

"The training has changed since North went through basic school. We're trying to teach marines how to fight smarter, better. We don't train them to go hi-diddle-diddle, right up the middle, the way we used to. 'Don't confuse bravery with intelligence,' we tell them. 'If you've got the time to fall on a grenade for your buddies, you've also got the time to yell GRENADE and hit the dirt.'"

The man pauses and thinks about his own example. So do I. We both know men who have sacrificed themselves in just that fashion. There is a terrible beauty in such gestures. But you are sometimes left wondering if, at that moment of self-sacrifice, there wasn't a better way.

"Today we emphasise that we don't want people with a hidden agenda. We don't want people with a death wish. I tell every class I teach about a company commander I knew at Khe Sanh who stood up and walked around and played macho man every time we had incoming artillery fire. At Khe Sanh we were taking several thousand rounds of incoming every day sometimes. I tell them what a jerk I thought that company commander was, how it was his job to be on the phone planning counterbattery fire, how he should have been helping his troops by thinking and co-ordinating and strategising, not swaggering around like some cowboy. We're looking for that delicate balance between aggression and common sense."

The marines have spoken, and it is clear that they see Oliver North as a man, not a myth. He is more than a picture on a poster, more than a talking head on TV. "North's behavior," writes General Krulak, "has gained for him a variety of descriptions: zealot, extremist, mystic, radical, missionary, hero, prophet. While none of the descriptive terms is totally correct, all of them portray a man who has an apostolic devotion to his cause, a devotion, however, that created a blurring between means and ends."

"I always assumed Ollie would've been happy in Northern Bavaria in the late 1930s," a marine officer told me with a smile. "He stood up and clicked his heels whenever he talked to the President on the phone. It seemed like something out of a bad movie to me, but he meant it. And that scared me."

It is possible that if Oliver North were graduating from the United States Naval Academy in 1988, and were to head for Marine Corps basic school at Quantico, Virginia, he would receive the kind of training that would help him become a more secure, less frantic officer, and he would grow into a man less eager to please his superiors and more genuinely modest and humane. He might also find role models who could teach him that warriors need wisdom as much as they need ambition and that there are many forms of self-destruction, including that sneakiest of contemporary vices, workaholism.

But harsh reality has a way of declaring itself in the military. The fact seems to be that no educational system and no series of role models can subdue those few officers who romanticise their purpose, overdramatise their own importance, and fictionalise their history without telling others what they are about.

Those few officers will do *anything* their superiors tell them to do, and they will do it with flair, gusto, bravery, efficiency, shrewdness, energy — and one more thing: a certain kind of blindness.

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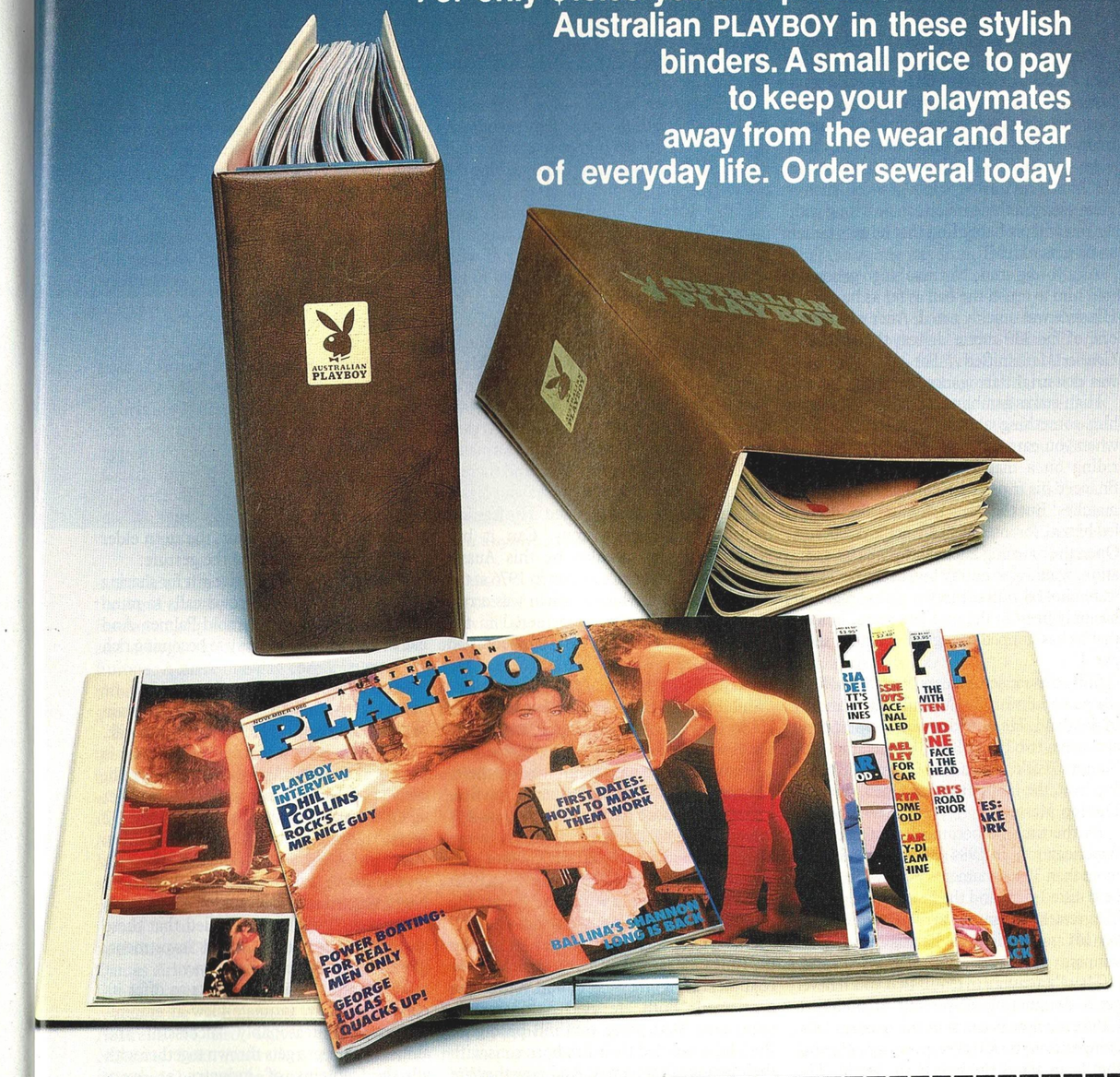
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SHARK (continued from page 40)

Earp: "He's grooved such a great swing . . . you'll probably find he gets better as he gets older."

"When he was young he used to build himself up, put weights on his feet and walk around," Earp explained, sitting in a golf cart's shade while Norman broiled himself in a sand trap. "He's lucky to be built that way — so well proportioned. He's strong in the hands and arms. He's grooved such a great swing nothing much can go wrong with it. You will probably find that he gets better as he gets older."

As a young stud, Norman's ego generally told him to crush the ball as far as he could. His style was quickly noted. After witnessing one of his 330 metre drives, the Brisbane *Courier Mail* sniffed: "For a 21-year-old it was downright arrogance."

High-stakes gambling on the course taught him something about pressure, as it will when you earn $32 a week and have $1200 riding on a match. With those gains he financed his trips to the Asian and European matches. But the same relentless desire that led him to, for instance, play in the Australian Open the morning after a kidney-stone operation, would also betray him at times. There were choked putts, thrown clubs, rages. It has only been in the past few years, in fact, that he has stopped trying to drive every short par 4.

Still, a mere seven years after he took up the game he won the Martini International in Scotland. He quickly stacked up impressive wins: two Hong Kong Opens, the 1980 Suntory World Match Play Championship in England, the 1980 Australian Open, the 1982 Dunlop Masters.

By the time he became a regular on the American tour in 1984, he had already won more than 30 tournaments worldwide. While he'd tasted fame and the fast life in London, his greatest advantage arriving in America was his assumption that he was a winner, *the* winner.

There's a saying in tennis that you'll never get a dominating player out of Southern California now because of the massive local competition: no kid ever grows up believing that he or she is the best in the world. The wealth of talent on the American PGA Tour is similarly guaranteeing that kind of parity in homegrown golf. This has left an opening for overseas competitors like Norman, Ballesteros and Bernhard Langer, all of whom arrived triumphant and relatively unscarred. A few years on the American tour and they get that familiar hunted look in the eyes.

In 1983, Norman racked up seven wins outside of America. He gained a name in the 1984 US Open at Winged Foot by inspiring Fuzzy Zoeller's famous towel-waving antics. He tied Zoeller with a ridiculous 14 metre putt on the 72nd and final hole, but in the next day's playoff Zoeller stomped him 67-75; this time Norman waved the white towel. The startling image that remained, though, was of two funny guys out on a golf course, all dimples and teeth and sniffing the roses. Norman suddenly had an image in America. He backed it up a few weeks later in the Western Open; he failed to sink a 15 metre putt in a sudden-death playoff with Tom Watson, so he dramatically fell to his hands and knees on the green.

Cut to the 1987 Open at San Francisco Olympic course. Norman is enjoying a Tuesday practice round with Jack Nicklaus and brothers Bobby and Lanny Wadkins. The betting is heavy, the wisecracks are rough. Nicklaus, signing autographs, is slow getting up to the 12th tee. He's in Norman's line of fire. "If you're going to stand there," Norman calls out, "better spread your legs."

Nicklaus looks up, surprised. His features regroup in hardened irony. Can it be? Nicklaus getting needled by this Aussie upstart? Nicklaus first saw him in 1976 at the Australian Open when Norman was a raw youth of 22. They were partnered in the opening round, and Norman stepped up to the first tee with the crowds lining the fairway. "And I topped it," Norman recalled. "Shit, I'd never met the guy before in my life. He was my idol. And I stone-cold topped my tee shot in front of all those people. I walked down the 35 or so metres, hit it down there, knocked it on the green and made my five. I shot 80, he shot 72. But what I'll always remember, he sat down next to me in the locker room and said, 'It was good to play with you today and I think you've got the game to come play in America.' Forget the intimidation, here is a guy who has a heart."

Nicklaus and Norman share a lot besides the Luftwaffe posterboy looks. Both have the resoluteness of an assassin, and yet remain gentlemen. Both are avid outdoorsmen, fishermen. Both were youthful prodigies. Both have saddled their firstborn sons with their famous first names. And now they are neighbors. When the Normans decided to move down to Nicklaus's Palm Beach neighborhood, Jack and Barbara made sure the Norman kids could get into a very private school. "We'll be living a driver-3-iron from Jack," Norman boasts. "For Jack, anyway. For me, it's driver-wedge."

As to the matter of Norman's now-superior power, Nicklaus found out exactly how superior during practice at the '87 Masters. At the 13th tee, Nicklaus pointed to some trees 260 metres down the line and bragged that he used to hit over the treetops. When he was younger, of course, and the trees were 25 years shorter. "Norman didn't even flinch," Nicklaus recalled. "He pulled the 3-wood from his bag, teed it up, picked out the highest tree and sailed the ball over it. It wasn't so much that it was long, it was about 300 metres high. He is awesome."

Norman claims that he never unsheathes this power to humiliate anyone. (His longest drive ever was a wind-driven 444 metres at Gleneagles, Scotland.) "I'm not going to hit the ball hard just to intimidate somebody," he said, downplaying it. "On par 5s I'll stand on it a little more. I'll give it that extra 20 percent to move the ball out there another 15 or 20 metres and get on in two. When you can pull out another 15 metres, people think, 'Oh my gosh, what happened there? I've got to hit it long myself.' That makes it hard for someone to shut his mind off and play his own game. But I would never try to intentionally intimidate anybody."

No, but he knows he can. And people love to watch it.

Another factor to guarantee Norman a long future is that he walks down a fairway fully aware of his participation with the yearning masses. Example: at the US Open practice, after nearly canning his tee shot on the par 3 13th, Norman raised his arms like a symphony conductor and exhorted the grandstands to stand up and cheer. When Nicklaus equalled the shot, the stern elder disapprovingly mimicked the gesture.

Norman's easy, instinctive gift for sharing his emotions with the crowd calls to mind only one other golfer: Arnold Palmer. And like Palmer, he is on his way to becoming rich as Croesus.

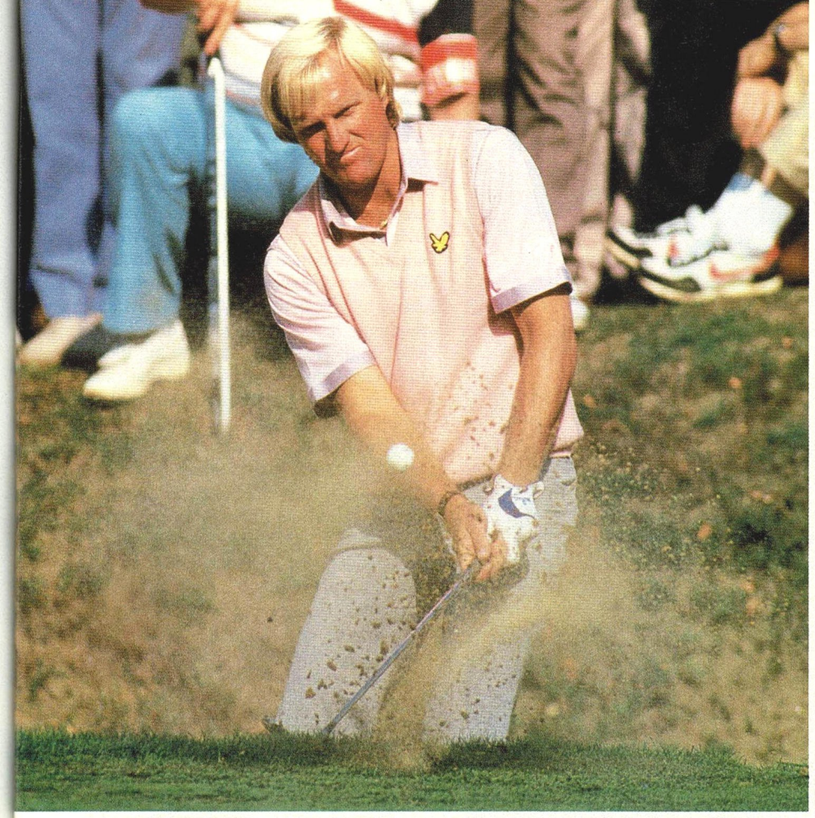
Greg Norman does not know when he made his first million. He is not even certain of his present fortune. He says to ask the wife.

He knows at least that impulse buying is not a problem now. A guy who strikes it rich, even a golfer in checked pants, wants to get a Ferrari or two, or three or four. To the '72 Daytona, he has added a Dino 246 and a new Testarossa. Despite all his dreams of being a racecar driver (he counts Grand Prix driver Nigel Mansell as a close buddy), a man in his cleats will always be counselled that these machines represent a sound investment. More money is surely on its way.

Golf is one of the few sports to offer its players a steady, intimate view at empire-building. A reasonably successful and amusing Tour pro gets thrown together with all the captains of industry at every Wednesday pro-am. And every golfer lives with the everpresent example of Messrs Palmer and Nicklaus, chairmen of consortiums worth $200 million and $300 million respectively. The only other sportsmen to put together such empires would be Bjorn Borg, with an estimated $100 million fortune, or someone like auto racing mogul Roger Penske.

This rosy vista now crowds Greg Norman's personal viewfinder.

His golf winnings alone in 1986 totalled over $1 million. But that's not what you would call steady money. Adding lustre to life



Norman: "I want the Masters more than anything else in the world."

is appearance money, which is disallowed on the American tour, but worth $100,000 just for showing up at tournaments in Australia, and a league-leading $75,000 in Asia and Europe. A mere one-day corporate outing, joshing and hacking with executives and their guests, means a $40,000 pay-off.

But it is in the field of endorsements that the money gets plentiful. He signed a multi-million-dollar contract with Reebok for a line of shoes and clothes. On that Reebok shirt-sleeve Norman made room for some Golden Arches, because he also signed with McDonald's. On top of his distinctive head went an ungainly looking bushwacker's hat because he signed a contract with Akubra.

Add to all that his advertisements for Spalding golf clubs, Epson computers, and Qantas airlines. In Australia there is Hertz, Swan Lager and Niblick shoes. For representing golf resorts in Japan and Australia he also signed million-dollar contracts. Since Australia taxes him half of everything he earns, he does most of his business through American accounts, via a Dutch corporation, and with good reason; in the past year he has signed contracts worth over $12 million.

"It's important that he finds time to work on his golf," acknowledges his agent, Hughes Norton. "But then I go through these deals and I just start laughing. How could anybody in their right mind turn these deals down?

"Face it, Greg loves money, and loves the things money can buy. So he doesn't want to just be a monk and play golf and make nothing."

The danger is that a golfer, reeling in success and appearances, becomes just a one-year meteor like Bill Rogers. Norton should know all these dangers as he runs the golf affairs for International Management Group, the Cleveland-based company that kicked off the sports-agency boom and helped change the face of sports. It was IMG founder Mark McCormack, a golfer in the '50s, who transformed the telegenic Palmer into the king of endorsements and opened what Norton called the "Pandora's box" of sports agentry.

The crucible facing Norman is not the 25 percent lopped off every dollar by IMG. It is that Norman's pursuit of wealth will sandbag his pursuit of golfing excellence.

●

"I haven't had a vacation for two years," he said. "Have not stopped playing golf for more than two days in two years."

At home in his darkly panelled office before a cluttered desk, Norman's sunburnt Mephistopheles face becomes just another red and tired face.

"You've got to honor your commitments with every company. Everybody wants a piece of the pie. It's understandable!

"It's hard for me to say no. If somebody wants to do an interview or something else, if I make them unhappy, I feel guilty. If you make one person unhappy there's going to be a chain reaction."

Norman looked out his office window at Morgan-Leigh, 4, and Gregory Jr, 2, splashing in the pool. The view across the chain of lakes was deeply impressive, with birds hopping and wheeling and an alligator murkily floating by, but it was not so captivating that he won't soon exchange it for a Palm Beach ocean view.

"My wife gets very defensive when Hughes comes along with another contract. She says, 'Well, what's he got to do?' We're all very protective of my time."

Norman reserves a special devotion for his wife Laura, whom he calls The Best. She's a sharp, merry woman of 160cm with piled-up brown hair and an engaging, delighted-dimples smile. The former Laura Andrassy of Washington DC, she was an airline stewardess when they met eight years ago. She recalls that it was a shy young fellow on the airplane that night, and that's why she reluctantly met him for a drink. It quickly turned into a Greg Norman tour-de-full-force, with limousines being commandeered in the middle of the night, and Norman going the wrong way from Tokyo to London just so he could see her one night in New York.

"He has that Australian macho image," she had acknowledged with a teasing laugh, "but he's a better family man than I thought he would be. I've had my girlfriends say he doesn't really like being around women very much. But it's not that. I think he would rather have the company of men. He's a man's man."

"To go a week without playing is hard." He grinned, suddenly enthusiastic. "When you walk by your golf clubs and they start quivering, that's when you know it's time to go back and practise. When we got back from Palm Springs, the first thing I did was take out a club and wiggle it, to see if my hands had swollen or changed."

After just a week?

"When you're fishing or doing something different," he nodded emphatically, "you're using different muscles. When you use those different muscles, that's when your golf goes. If one muscle gets flabby and another gets stronger, you've got a different feeling.

"If you want to try and maintain a level, and be best in the world," he added with stately concern, "you have to be aware that one minor change in your system may be a major change in your golf game. If you change something by a quarter of an inch, that's 30 metres at the end of the shot. Thirty metres is going to screw you every time.

"You've got to *want*, that's what it is. Golf is a matter of desire. Whatever the desire is in the individual, whatever level you want to attain, that is your level of concentration. If you're happy making $300,000 a year," he said this with a sneer, "and don't care if you win a tournament or not, fine. I'm not happy with that. My desire, ever since I've started playing this game, is that I want to be the best player in the world.

"A lot of people think I have an obsession with the green jacket at Augusta," he said, referring to the annual Masters' prize. "I want that golf tournament more than anything else in the world. And I flatly admit that right now. I know I will win in Augusta some day because I want it bad enough."

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ALLOW 4 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

RUXTON *(from page 36)*

would've seen me hang one.

PLAYBOY: So who were those two guys?

RUXTON: They were from the African Cultural Association up in North Melbourne. We've been following them up, because I reckon they've gotta go. If the Department sees them, they've gotta go. One didn't come from South Africa anyway, the big bloke. One comes from West Africa and that's just about as far away from South Africa as we are, but I just feel sad.

PLAYBOY: Why did they come to your office? Part of Archbishop Tutu's entourage?

RUXTON: Oh, they smelt around me when Tutu was here but Tutu was very quiet when Bruce was in South Africa. I think he got out of the country to be quite frank: he was in the frontline states. . .

PLAYBOY: So what now with your career? Are you about to retire?

RUXTON: No one's asked me about retirement plans. I don't think people want me to retire yet, I don't want to retire yet. I still think I've got a job to do. If I get too old, or too sick, or can't cope, I'll get out.

PLAYBOY: You have been ill recently.

RUXTON: Oh yeah, it's very likely I've been working too hard. I was exhausted there a few months ago, just exhausted. My secretaries conspired to get me into hospital. I shouldn't have gone in the first place. I only had the weekend there anyway.

PLAYBOY: Your opponent, Sir William Keys, the national president of the RSL, has now announced that he's leaving the post. How do you feel about this?

RUXTON: Well he's moving on and life will go on. You know, the king's dead, long live the king. We'll be carrying on and I hope that the president of the ACT branch, Alf Garland, who's a Vietnam veteran, will become the national president.

PLAYBOY: Are you interested in his post?

RUXTON: No, I'm not.

PLAYBOY: Why's that?

RUXTON: I don't want to. You see our base is Victoria — it's on a smaller scale. When Joh wanted to go to Canberra it killed him.

PLAYBOY: True. Have you settled your differences with Sir William Keys?

RUXTON: No, we'll never agree, particularly on immigration, but his views are personal and I think he shouldn't use personal views.

PLAYBOY: That's what he said about you though.

RUXTON: It's not right: I'm going from our State conferences and from what's happened in other States. It's his views and he hasn't got an electorate; I've got an electorate to put up with. He only gets voted in by 15 people, I've got 70,000 have got to put me in.

PLAYBOY: So, do you still think he's a wimp?

RUXTON: I won't use that word but he's certainly a person that gives in. He'll give in to pressure from the government.

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE

What's happening where and who's making it happen.

Compiled by Peter Olszewski

Not the Wheel Thing

And now for something completely useless. Normally we show you something you'd like to buy, or wish you could buy. But this month we have something you can never buy, but then again you'd never want to anyway.

The car shown here is the product of drugs in the workplace. Workers at the Renault factory in France were toiling on the Renault 21 production line when an illicit drug packet evaporated in the factory. The workers quickly got out of order (see photo), and the cars they were assembling became so out of order that no one in their right mind would ever order one.

*If all this sounds rather strange, you're right. It is. In fact the mad car and the drug-in-the-factory yarn are part of the scenario for an odd-ball French movie, Levy And Goliath, directed by **Gerard Oury**. Actors include French stars such as **Richard Anconina** and **Michel Boujenah**.*

The astonishing automobile built for the movie is based on 2 Renault 21 chassis. The car is 5.8 metres long, 2.3 metres high, has seating for 4 "downstairs" and 2 "upstairs", 12 doors, 12 windshield wipers, and 4 exhaust outlets, and can be driven from either the traditional position or from the "upstairs" steering wheel.

If you want to see more of this car, keep a keen eye posted on adverts for the smaller movie theatres, where the film is expected to be screened. The astonishing Renault is also being displayed throughout France but its appearance Down Under is unlikely.

GETTING AROUND

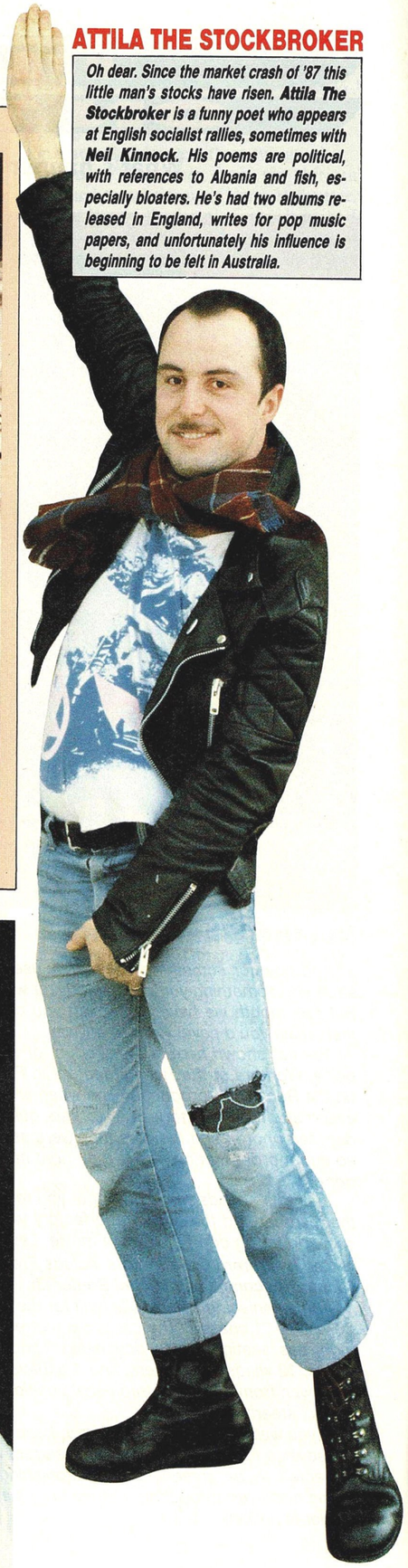
SEX KITTENS KISSED

Actor/bassist **Gene Simmons**, in his own words, "has tried to incorporate women, girls, and females into the manifesto of the rock band **Kiss**, which is, anything that feels good is worth doing again". And, he adds, "some of the panties I've collected have skidmarks." Who better, then, to judge a Rhino Records vocal collection called *Va Va Voom* by the world's all-time sex kittens?

"Out of nine singers – **Jayne Mansfield**, **Diana Dors**, **Mamie Van Doren**, **Marilyn Monroe**, **Ann-Margret**, **Elke Summer**, **Jane Russell**, **Sophia Loren**, and **Rhonda Fleming** – Monroe is by far the most musical. Jayne Mansfield does a caricature of Monroe – but, what with men being the snakes we are, junk food gets the same reaction as filet mignon. My favorite cut is Sophia Loren's *Bing Bang Bong*. The album also has gorgeous photos – I'm partial to the photograph of Sophia Loren checking out Jayne's cleavage."

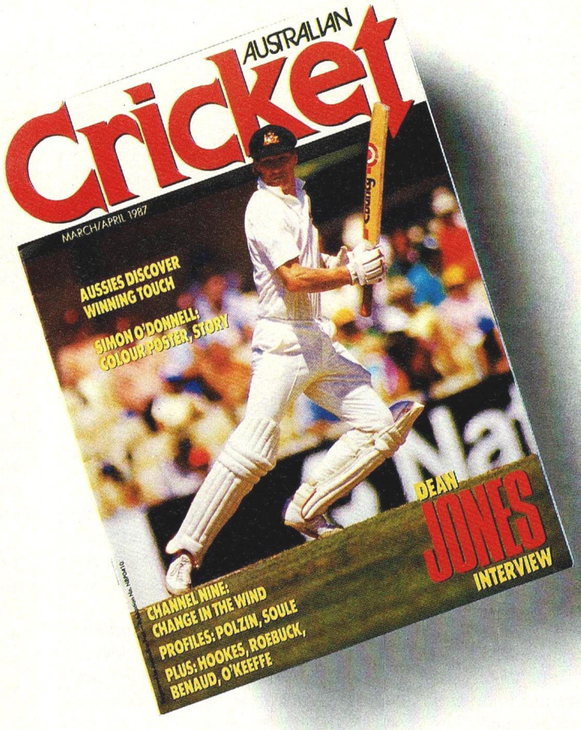
ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER

Oh dear. Since the market crash of '87 this little man's stocks have risen. Attila The Stockbroker is a funny poet who appears at English socialist rallies, sometimes with Neil Kinnock. His poems are political, with references to Albania and fish, especially bloaters. He's had two albums released in England, writes for pop music papers, and unfortunately his influence is beginning to be felt in Australia.



ROCK ME, BABE

Popular co-host of Channel 10's *Good Morning Australia*, Kerri-Anne Kennerley, used to be a club singer. Consequently, from time to time, she can't resist getting up and belting out some shakin' all over rock songs, a sort of party-time regression if you like. Here Kerri-Anne regresses at a smart Gold Coast bash. Rennie Ellis snapped the action.



Written by the blokes who play, for the blokes who watch.

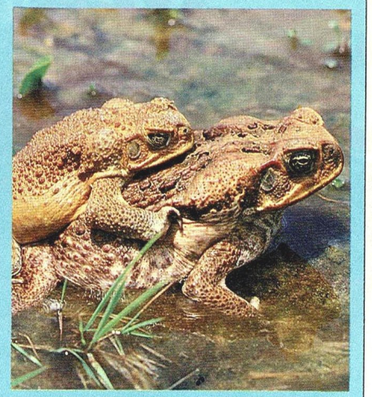
Covering Grade, Shield, Tests with a pin-up action color poster every month.

Getting Caned

Let's face it, ugly perverse creatures can be great value, as long as they're kept out of harm's way at the end of the day. Two horrible critters which spring instantly to mind are **Joh Bjelke-Petersen** and cane toads, and both are okay because they're contained in Queensland. Joh tried to spread his power-base to Canberra and was squelched, so now the cane toad has emerged as Queensland's most active ugly thing. And like Sir Joh, the cane toad now wants to take over Australia.

Luckily, a timely film documentary, *Cane Toads: An Unnatural History* (A Ribbiting Experience), directed by **Mark Lewis**, delivers the grim data on the toad conspiracy. This quirky docco uncovers some amazing facts about the boof-headed *bufo marinus*, introduced to Queensland in 1935 to eradicate sugar cane grubs. The toad totally ignored cane grubs and immediately indulged in its two favorite pastimes, eating and rooting and, occasionally, just for a bit of fun, poisoning people. Lewis's clever docco leaves no toad horror unfilmed. The camera zooms in on a necrophiliac male toad humping his dead girlfriend on the road for something like eight hours, shows toads pack-raping goldfish (and inadvertently killing them), and shows interviews of men who reckon toads have rooted their boots. Some of the most revolting footage shows a toad eating a live white mouse.

But aside from revelling in the grosser aspects of toad natural history, director Lewis has cunningly manipulated the toad tale to make some meaningful observations about Queensland. Basically I think the point he makes is that toads are gross and crazy, and so are many Queenslanders. Consequently they both deserve each other and good luck to 'em. But for chrissakes let's not allow them to have any influence over the rest of Australia.



Cane Toads in amplexus.

The docco's most bizarre segment, aside from interviews with toad lovers, is a slurry far-out drug rap with a "cane toad abuser" who uses small doses of toad toxin to get stoned out of his gourd. He utters typically silly drugged-out waffle about **Don Juan** and other nonsense. The most moving segment is an interview with the noble zoologist **Dr Michael Archer**, who absolutely loathes and detests the toads. When he first arrived in Queensland, Archer's pet native cat was fatally poisoned by a toad. This rendered Archer almost psychotic, and the famous animal lover became a vengeful killer of toads. But sadly he relates the tale of when he attacked a toad with a pick, copping an eyeful of poison which felt like a "kick in the face", leaving him semi-blind and in agony for six hours.

So be warned. Cane toads are on the march. Lock up your goldfish now. And fit your boots with a condom.

Getting List

10 Aussie people who look (or did look) like cane toads.

1. ***Russ Hinze***
2. ***Doug Mulray (albeit a good-looking and rather smooth toad)***
3. ***Sir Henry Bolte***
4. ***Dorian Wild***
5. ***Clyde Packer***
6. ***Kerry Packer***
7. ***Jonathan Coleman (Will become even more toad-like as his chubby little baby-face becomes saggy and wrinkly, and that day's not long away)***
8. ***Don Chipp (although some astute observers have noted that his face looks more like a crumpled moth)***
9. ***Sir Robert Askin (Before he croaked)***
10. ***Ricky May***

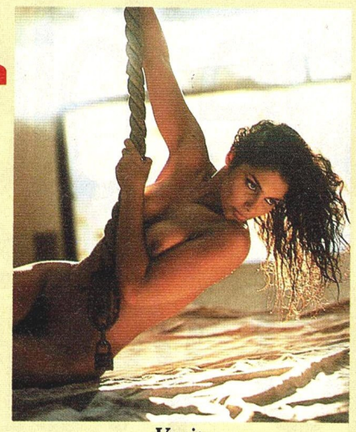
Getting Fact

- ***Average size of the male penis as preferred by heterosexual Sydney women — none, they'll take whatever they can get.***
- ***Average size of a cane toad's penis — you don't want to know.***
- ***Location of the largest Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurant in the world — Beijing, People's Republic of China.***
- ***The Chinese interpretation of finger-lickin' good — so good you suck your fingers; of mashed potatoes — potato cement.***

Next Month

HARRISON FORD DISCUSSES THE SECRET SEX LIFE OF INDIANA JONES AND HIS PROFICIENCY WITH A BULLWHIP.

VANITY: THE SULTRY SINGER IS SET TO STAR IN A NEW MOVIE ABOUT A COKED-UP CHANTEUSE WHO LIKES BEING NAKED.

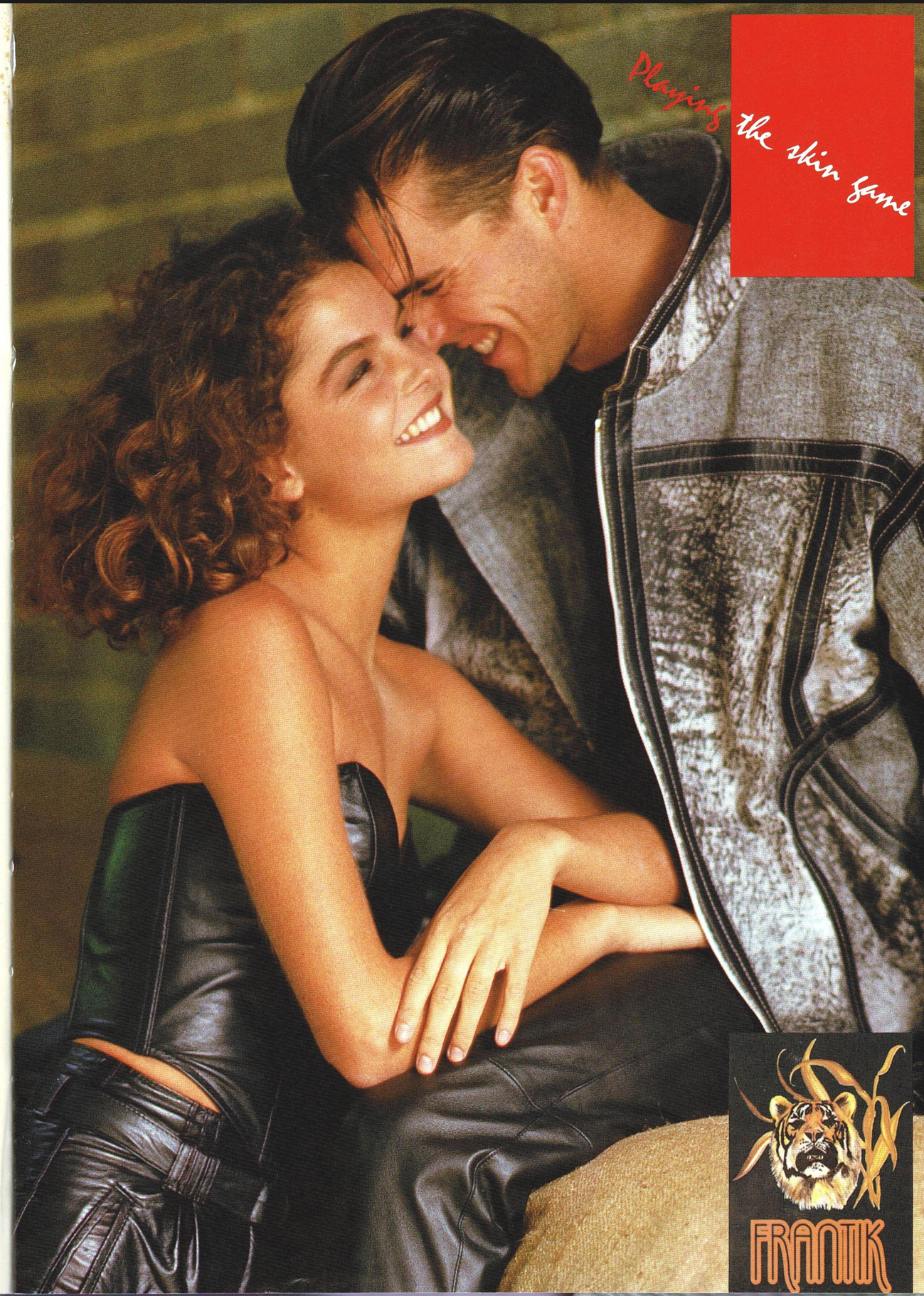


Vanity

LUDICROUS SPEED: A PROFESSIONAL AMATEUR DRIVES ONE OF THE FASTEST DRAGSTERS IN THE WORLD.

JOHN CLEESE: THE MAD-CAP COMEDIAN IS LAUGHING ALL THE WAY TO THE BANK SINCE HE'S BECOME THE PATRON SAINT OF BUSINESSMEN.

MURDER FIRST HAND: A CONVICTED AUSSIE MURDERER WRITES A CHILLING ACCOUNT OF HIS GRUESOME DEEDS.



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